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Vol. CLVII No. 2045 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 1 1939

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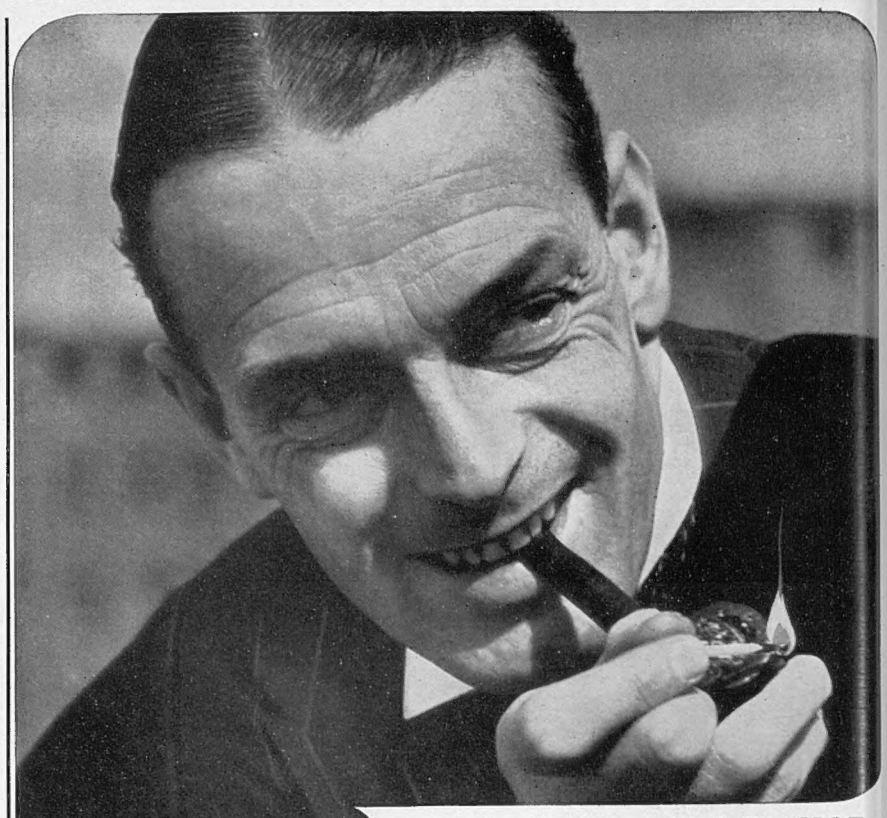

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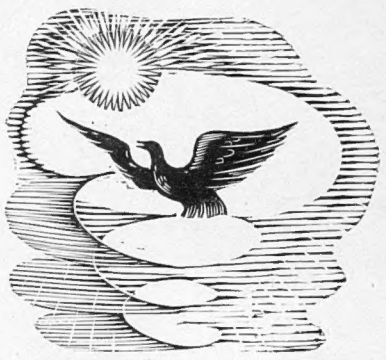

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 1, 1939

GENERAL LORD GORT

Flies to See the MAGINOT LINE

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff Talking with His Pilots Before Leaving Hendon Last Tuesday

Further evidence of Anglo-French solidarity, which was so strongly demonstrated with the State visit of President Lebrun, was forthcoming this week when it was announced from the War Office that General the Viscount Gort, V.C., Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was about to fly to France at the invitation of General Gamelin to see the fortifications of the Maginot Line and watch troops engaging in exercises. The visit had an added significance when it was realised that Lord Gort was taking with him prominent members of the General Staff, including Major-General Pownall, Director of Military Operations, and Brigadier Hotblack, our leading expert on tanks and all kinds of armoured fighting vehicles, of which he has made a special study during the past fifteen years. The Maginot Line, stretching along the whole length of eastern France, is permanently manned, each of its turrets having a crew of a dozen men, popularly known as "the shellfish of the forts," since they cling to their positions and are not part of the mobile army

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PRESIDENT AND PREMIER IN EARNEST CONVERSATION: M. Lebrun and Mr. Chamberlain pictured as they enjoyed a few words together before the former left London at the end of his triumphal State visit which has done so much to proclaim to the world the measure of Anglo-French solidarity. On the left the Queen is seen saying good-bye to Madame Lebrun. A pictorial record of some of the major events of the visit is given on pages 11 to 15 of this issue

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, March 29, 1939.

WHAT'S TO COME.—

In the past year Mr. Chamberlain has had in the ranks of a minority of the nation, strong critics urging different views. Hitler by his megalomaniac policy has proved the best friend to *all* those critics in Britain. More than this, he has done much to give life to those slogans and bogies with which for years he has kept the German people on their toes and ready for further sacrifices. Unless this last outburst of indignation from the peace-loving nations dies away again in inertia, it seems absolutely certain that now at last a move will be made by the democracies, led by Britain, to rally against Germany that "League of Sane Nations" which for years we have cried for. The difficulties of making such a bloc effective to *avert* aggression are obvious enough. And no one can fail to realise the numberless snags in the way of unanimity of purpose, nor the varying degrees of risk involved by the signatories. Yet to-day a definite advance that way is essential. That will meet the views of a big section of Mr. Chamberlain's critics. And to negotiate this vastly important and urgent effort to save civilisation, Britain must surely insist that its government shall be truly representative of the best which the nation can offer of ability, strength and determination. That has been urged by another section of the Premier's critics. The moment has come for a government which may do the work which is needed, unhampered by criticism. As in the worst days of the great war, so now in times as dangerous, the party game must be put away and words give place to actions and criticism to a united national effort. Thus by his madness Hitler may yet close the ranks in British politics, may bring back into power some of those bogy-men whose importance in the wilderness had no substance but in his own imagination, and finally may invest with reality that bogy of "encirclement" of Germany with which he has bamboozled the German people so long for his wild ambitions. He has committed what seems to be the greatest of his "Lusitania" bungles of diplomacy.

AN END TO WORDS.—

And if at last he has persuaded the democracies to rely less on empty words, we shall not altogether regret it. The old diplomatic methods, which we have so long preserved, have in the last decade given evidence of their absurdity. A duel to the death, with one foil buttoned, can only end one way. The lodging of protests, the issue of démarches, expressions of burning indignation and grave warnings in provincial town halls, were all very well in days when a premier's words possessed the not very remote sanction of force. But the days when a government "sent a cruiser" ended with the birth of the League, and ever since the League's failure words of warning have become increasingly ridiculous and humiliating. For words unbacked by actions are hot air and blather. The mystery and dignity of Russia in these days has impressed itself on us. It may not be based on strength and efficiency. We do not accurately know. The impression of dignity remains, rare and refreshing, and it is solely due to the comparative silence of Soviet statesmen. They have not been compelled, like ours, continually to eat their words. It is a restraint which British and French ministers henceforth might usefully copy. We are absolutely sick of (even Mr. Chamberlain's restrained and dignified) protests and warnings. Expressions of moral indignation are not understood by people who have no morals. I cannot follow Lord Lloyd's argument that these time-honoured exercises in phrase-making, these punctual philippics, are necessary policy or even effective propaganda. We trust the Premier, we approved his policy in the past. If he has now orientated it afresh, we continue our trust in him; but we ask him to make his plans and pursue his programme of defence without perpetually taking Everyman into his confidence in progress reports, and to remember how largely the maintenance of the democratic ideal has in the past been based on party strategy. Every government believes that its continuance in office depends on it. But these ideals must be conditioned in times of peril, as surely as the party game is a recreation of peace. Britain has been bitterly humiliated by the pronouncements of its chief ministers in the past years as its government has been hampered by the heady loquacity of its critics in Parliament and the press. The time is come to readjust our ideas of democratic government to meet our gravest dangers and, above all, to discipline free speech and be ready to introduce some form of national service the moment it becomes plain that the voluntary system is not enough. If our people are not to-day fit to be trusted, and praying to be led by a strong hand, then we were never fit to be trusted or willing to be led.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WORDS.—

Lord Lloyd declared the other day that it was essential that the full force of national indignation over the German conquest of Czechoslovakia should be realised by the outer world and particularly in Germany and that it should find a voice not only in the official pronouncements of H.M.'s Government and in the proceedings of Parliament but through every representative organ of public opinion. That suggests that Lord Lloyd still believes in the efficacy of the spoken and written expression of moral indignation, of words. But what virtue has come from words in the past year? If the Nazi Government does not want the German people to read or hear our words, it confiscates our papers and blocks our broadcasts. Two things—actions—in the past months quite definitely turned the world against Hitler and jolted him on his pedestal in German hearts, and those two things did their work with no assistance whatever from expressions of moral indignation. They were the Jewish pogroms and the rape of Czechoslovakia. All that our outpourings from every quarter of expressions of moral indignation, from pious platitude to insults, achieved was to give new handles to Germany's far more efficient propaganda (e.g., the Nazi Government by its clever and unscrupulous propaganda inside Germany convinced the German people that the tongue-lashings delivered by Mr. Duff Cooper were Government-authorised and that Mr. Duff Cooper is a political power in Britain to-day. However sound and right Mr. Duff Cooper's views may be, he is *not* a political power in Britain to-day). In a word, I cannot agree that this heady campaign of hard words and moral platitudes has done anything useful in the crises, it has merely removed the last shreds of dignity from public life and international relations. It is silence and acts, not words, that alone can save civilisation to-day.

IF.—

The sober journals are full of apt citations from history—warnings to Hitler, urging him to study the pages of the past and to note how infallibly the finger points to the end of all political megalomania. From George Villiers to such big fry as Louis XIV and Napoleon, the lesson is exemplified. Others, less versed in historic parallels, draw a simple lesson from the old game of chess and prophesy Czech mate. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* History may repeat itself but you cannot turn back the written pages and rewrite them. If we could, we should long since have done so. We should have rewritten, clause by clause, the Treaty of Versailles and its codicils—that *damnosa*

IN HISTORIC WESTMINSTER HALL President Lebrun and Madame Lebrun stand attention for the "Marseillaise," played by the Band of the Irish Guards. It was t occasion of the President's meeting with members of both Houses of Parliame and their wives. Altogether 1,800 people gathered to greet him and to he his address in which he spoke of Westminster Hall as "the cradle of Parliame tary life from which have sprung the principles that guide both our nations

hereditas. To-day perhaps we should be less inclined than a year ago to rewrite it in a very much more Christian spirit (though still our quarrel is not with the German *people*). But it is always interesting to speculate on the "might have been," and no such recreation is more intriguing than to contemplate how it might have been to-day if, instead of dividing up Europe into unfusible elements, we had spent some time in resolving Germany once more into those elements which it was Bismarck's life's work to fuse and combine. If we had restored their independence to Saxony and Bavaria and their ruling dynasties if they desired them and then, having returned Germany to its pre-Bismarck condition, afforded to each of its chief component states all possible help to restore themselves economically and all possible stimulus to keep their independence from each other and from Prussian domination. That had been perhaps as morally and politically sound a policy as the one adopted, and it would have undoubtedly created a very interesting game of chess in European diplomacy.

A PLEASANT MEMORY.—

The visit of M. Lebrun is over. It is a pleasant memory. Pleasant for many reasons, some of them new to State visits. The visit was paid (and not a whit shorn of its planned magnificence)

in a very dark hour of crisis. It was paid in March and yet the sun did its best for us and quite often warmed and brightened the scene. M. Lebrun did not go back to Paris with the "news" that England is a land of fogs and London a city of dark grey. But what I think most impressed me was the gaiety and sunniness of the chief figures. Always animated, always smiling, often joking and constantly conversing, the King and Queen and the Lebruns gave us in the streets and stalls the impression of a delightful and happy family party. It was the spirit of a Paris summer holiday translated to poor, misrepresented old London. And in naming the chief figures, let us not forget M. Bonnet. London, no doubt, took M. Bonnet to its heart. But what was apparent from the moment the Foreign Minister emerged from Victoria Station on Tuesday, 21st, was that M. Bonnet had decided to take London to his heart. His bows and smiles, his kisses and his hand-wavings, were never for one moment relaxed and we positively melted in the sunshine of his gaiety. Our stiff backs grew supple, our taciturnity and phlegm were forgotten and we became—Parisians, with all the Parisian's flair for seeing the funny side. It was a really triumphant success—that fateful return visit paid during a terrible crisis.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—

The Cromwell Gardens site of the National Theatre has long depressed me. I feel that Sir John Anderson is casting envious eyes on it and is longing to dig it deeper still and turn it into the first of his West End bombproofs. It almost cries out for such treatment. Perhaps the Shakespeare M.N.T. Committee have been made anxious by the A.R.P. drive. It is said they are shortly going to take a decision about beginning building their theatre. They are encouraged thereto by the recent steady flow of subscriptions—in these hard times—which reduce the balance needed to launch the theatre free of debt to a mere £80,000. The seat-endowment scheme has gone well also. Authors from Ben Jonson to Galsworthy, actors from Garrick (or perhaps the Shakespearean) to Seymour Hicks, have their names inscribed on seats, so have many English boroughs and worthies in other spheres of art. There are to be 400 stalls in the theatre and when all have been christened, at the cost of £100 a time, the sum total of the endowment from that source can be easily worked out. My son is, indeed, working on the figures now on the back of a sheet of my current SPHERE copy. The theatre will be a Lutyens-Masey production and how they will fit all the requirements into the curiously shaped space (which to-day looks so inadequate for accommodating 1,100 people, a vast store of sets and costumes and a mass of dressing-rooms), we shall know better when the plans are on view. At any rate, "their exits and their entrances" should be smooth on this island or desert island site.

GIRLS ON THE DOLE.—

A Labour Exchange cannot compel a girl to take work that is offered, however suitable. The law compels a householder to pay for the maintenance of girls for whom work is available. That is the prime dishonesty of our democratic system. Our domestic servant problem is therefore acute. Housewives are told to fall back on Austrians or Swiss. Not very helpful advice, since the Austrians have been recalled and will be gone by summer, and the available Swiss "don't go round" by a long way. The dread of domestic service in Britain is a silly bogy, an archaic superstition. Hours, wages, and conditions of living are generally good to-day, and goodwill on the employer's side is 90 per cent. The acuteness of the domestic servant problem will be reached in summer, and it has already a bad effect on defence measures. It keeps back a valuable percentage of volunteers. Employers are to a large extent willing to train the raw material from first principles (which should have been, and once were, taught at home). Any Government but ours would not only remove the dishonesty or injustice, the anomaly, but would go fifty-fifty with employers in sharing the infinite pains of training the raw material.

A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES. —

England (and Northern Ireland), according to the tell-tale figures annually published by the Inland Revenue Commissioners from their surtax assessments, still has nearly 1,000 "millionaires." Indeed, in the financial year ended March, 1938, they had increased by over forty above the previous year. Now a "millionaire" in the eyes of the Inland Revenue is one who pays surtax on a gross income of £30,000. By the time income tax and surtax (rising to 50 per cent.) have done with his income, he is by no means a gross millionaire, and by the time he has paid his rates and overhead and wages and repairs and allotted something to insurance, housekeeping, wife's and children's allowances and education, his £30,000 a year is probably (net) about on a par with that (gross) of the majority of the 96,000 people who enjoy an income of £2,000 or more. Of "multi-millionaires" we have in our midst still over seventy. Their gross incomes range between £75,000 and £100,000 a year. This number shrank in the year 1938 by ten. While one can easily name a dozen of them, the remainder blush unseen by the general public. This select band of seventy "enjoy" between them an income of £15,000,000 annually, of which it is fair to say the State claims, one way and another, about half. In 1938 3,600,000 people were charged with income-tax, a slight increase over 1937, while death duties brought to the Exchequer about £90,000,000.

HISTORIC HOUSES AND NATIONAL TRUST.—

A word more as to that Bill to empower the National Trust to take over houses of historic interest. The measure, if its policy be admitted to be sound and reasonable (as generally it is), is of some urgency; as is constantly being proved. The great houses of historic interest which remain in commission have long since ceased to be self-supporting on the rents of the large estates in which they stand or stood. Even those fortunate enough to stand above coal mines or other profitable minerals will in a year's time be in no better case. It was declared, when the other day it was announced that Alnwick Castle is to be closed and partially dismantled, that compensation to be paid to the Duke of Northumberland for the nationalisation of his mining royalties might reduce his normal revenue from those sources by as much as four-fifths. That is of course a great exaggeration but in the next five years this melancholy retirement is likely to develop into a rout, a *sauve qui peut*.

By The Old Stager

MARCH GOES OUT.—

March went out like a lion, lashing its tail. The north-east winds were the nastiest weapons in an aggressive and disagreeable winter. They were seasonable, no doubt; it is better to have the blackthorn winter disposed of before the blackthorn is out and to have hope that the fruit and shrubs will not be nipped in April and May. But these last weeks were bitter to endure on top of the black political outlook. One shivered to read of the first gardens opening under the nursing scheme. One was sorry for the point-to-point crowds; one's heart bled for the rowing crews on the wind-lashed tideway and one loathed the daylight which called one to go out again after tea. One resisted the call and drew the curtains and piled up the fire with the last of the winter logs. Oh Lord, how long? *Jam satis terrae*. The Easter holidays are on us. With what appetite they may, hundreds of thousands of Londoners are making plans to take the open road again. There is barely time for nature to relent and give us of her best.

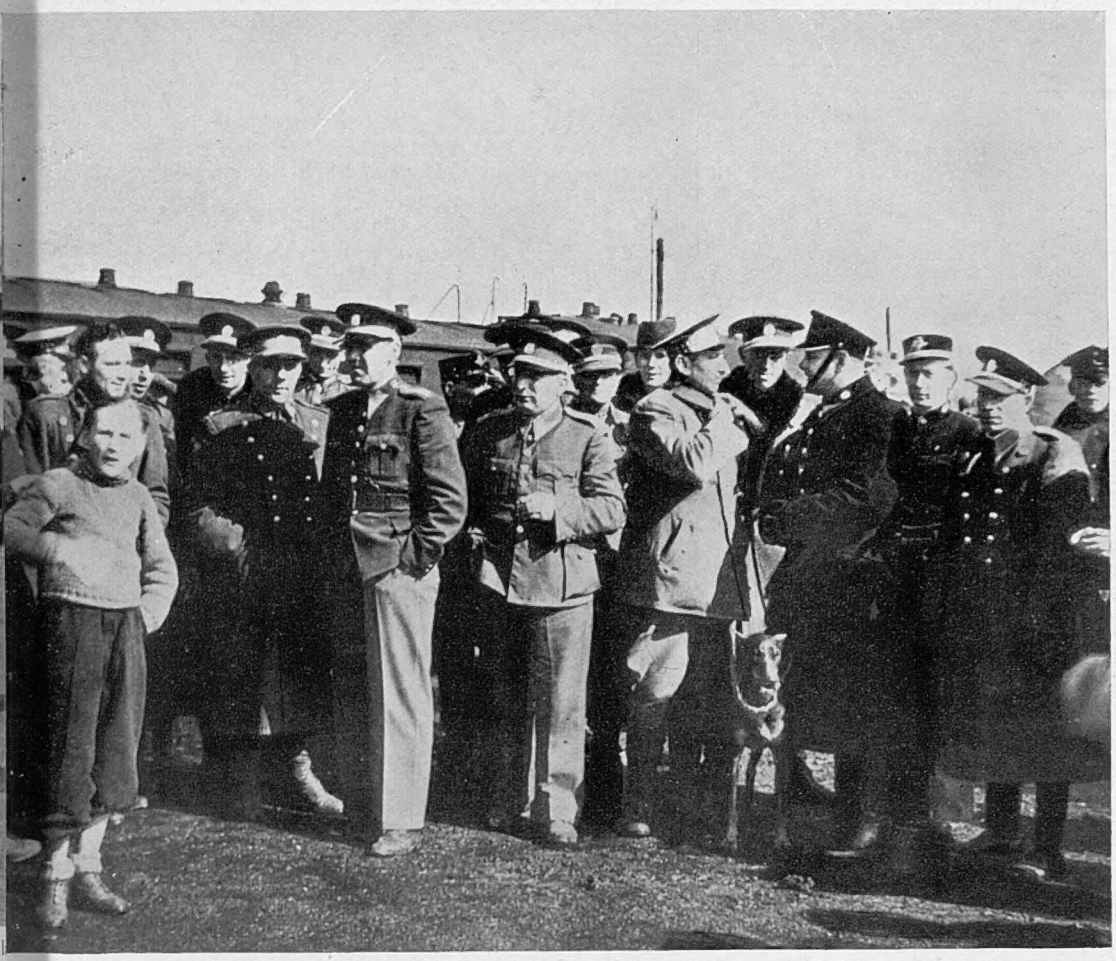
EVERY PICTURE HAS A STORY of hopes and fears and months of hard endeavour. Miss Marjorie Heath (*above*) and Miss M. Rowney (*right*) arriving at the Royal Academy with portraits and landscapes to put before the judging committee. Apart from the contributions of the R.A.s and A.R.A.s, which do not arrive till April 3, it is estimated that between 13,000 and 14,000 works have been received and nine out of every ten of these will have to be rejected

HITLER SAILS TO MEMEL WITH HIS NAVY: CZECH

THE GERMAN BALTIC FLEET ARRIVES IN MEMEL HARBOUR: This was the scene on the quayside as a naval guard of honour waited to greet Herr Hitler when he stepped ashore on his first visit to the territory which he had just annexed from Lithuania and brought back into the Reich. The Führer's decision to come by sea robbed the symbolic entry of troops from East Prussia of much of its popul appeal, being quite evidently meant to give the German Navy one of its occas on chances of obtaining publicity. The annexation of Memel had been long expe te and the territory has for many months past been almost wholly in Nazi h n

THE ANNEXED CITY WELCOMES THE GERMAN NAVY: A glimpse of the big parade through Memel on the day of Herr Hitler's arrival. The Führer spent rather less than three hours in the city and during the course of his visit delivered a short speech to the cheering crowds in the Theatre Square. "I am bringing yo back," he cried, "into the Homeland which you never forgot and which has nev forgotten you! . . . . The Germany of to-day is determined to master its own fate A

REFUGEES IN POLAND AND RUMANIA

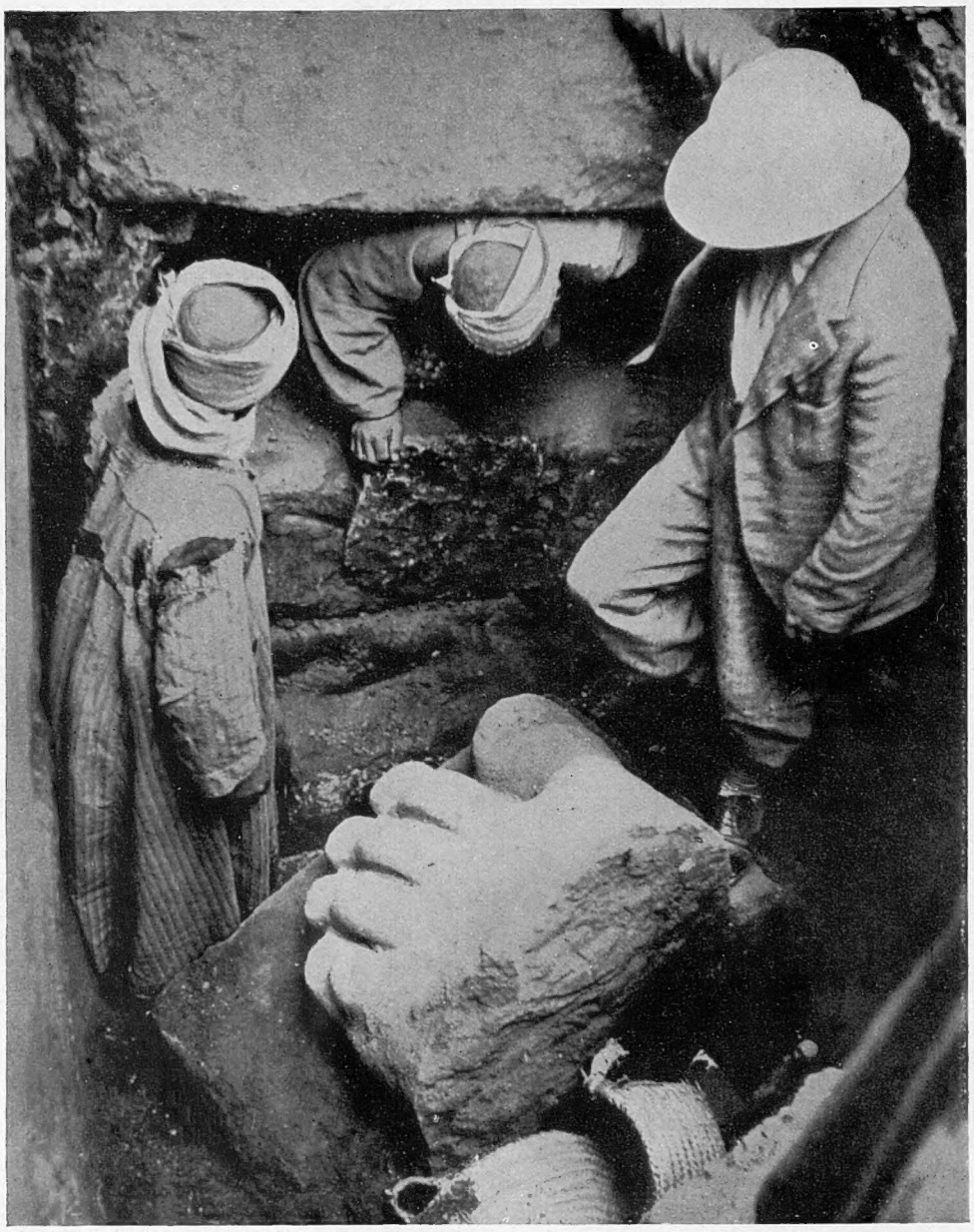


THE UNWANTED LEGIONARIES: As Hitler's army marched through Bohemia and Moravia, the Czech troops garrisoning the Carpatho-Ukraine—easternmost province of the Czechoslovakian Republic—were completely cut off and had no other course but to seek sanctuary across the borders in Poland and Rumania, where their presence at first caused embarrassment, camps having to be set up for their accommodation. *Left*—Czech soldiery pictured on arrival at Cracow railway station, Poland. *Above*—A Czech officer with his wife and child in the Rumanian frontier town of Sighet which has been invaded by no fewer than 3,500 refugees

A TEMPORARY HAVEN: Czech officers with their wives and children at Sighet railway station, Rumania, where they sought sanctuary after fleeing from the Carpatho-Ukraine, the province of Czechoslovakia which Hungary invaded at the same time as Germany entered Bohemia and Moravia. On March 18 it was reported that two military aeroplanes, three Czech infantry battalions, three artillery batteries, three sections of tanks, and two motorised columns had reached Sighet

A PHARAOH'S TOMB FO

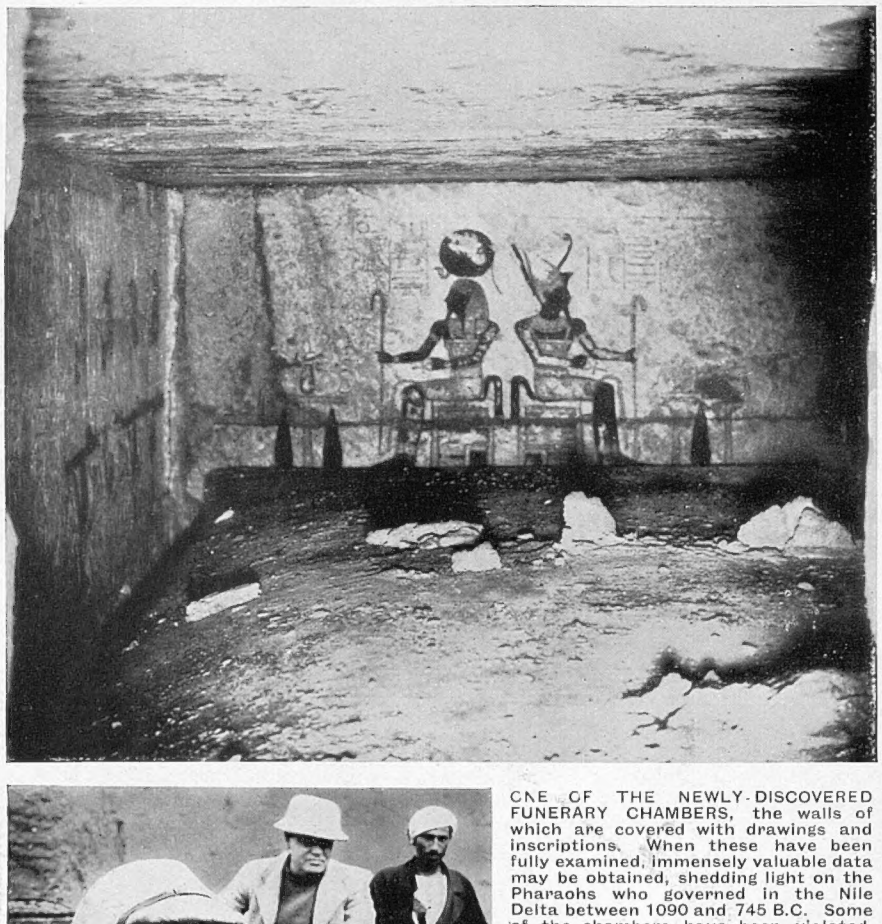
Professor Montet Brings to Light the Mummy of K Shis



THE COLOSSUS OF TANIS: Professor Montet (wearing topee) looking at the fragment of a foot of what must have been a gigantic statue. A picture taken in the excavations which the professor is carrying out on the site of the ancient city of Tanis in the Nile Delta, and where he has brought to light the mummy of Shishak reposing in coffins of gold and silver

"WHAT OF THE DARKENED NOW REMAINS?" A set of sheer-leg p up by Professor Montet, of Strasbourg University, for lifting l ea objects on the site of the city of Tanis in the east portion of th N Delta, where he is now carrying out a truly remarkable seri s

ex Dy th in



ONE OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED FUNERARY CHAMBERS, the walls of which are covered with drawings and inscriptions. When these have been fully examined, immensely valuable data may be obtained, shedding light on the Pharaohs who governed in the Nile Delta between 1090 and 745 B.C. Some of the chambers have been violated, but that of King Shishak remains intact

On left—
AIDING PROFESSOR MONTET in his important work of discovery is M. Fougerousse, the well-known French architect, who is seen in the excavations at Tanis

THE FIND THAT HAS SURPRISED THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL WORLD: Profess Montet kneeling beside the solid silver outer case within which he discover an inner golden case enclosing the mummy. At first he thought it was t mummy of King Psusennes I, father-in-law of King Solomon, but he later identifi it by means of an inscription as that of King Shishak, the monarch of t

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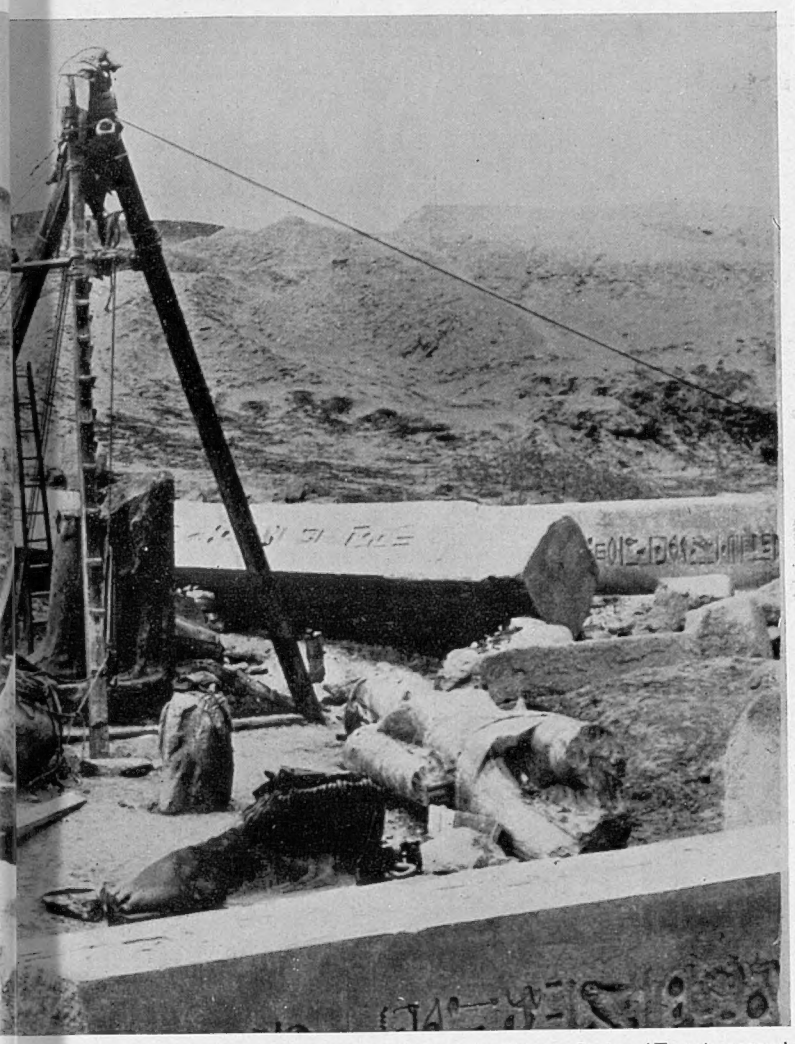
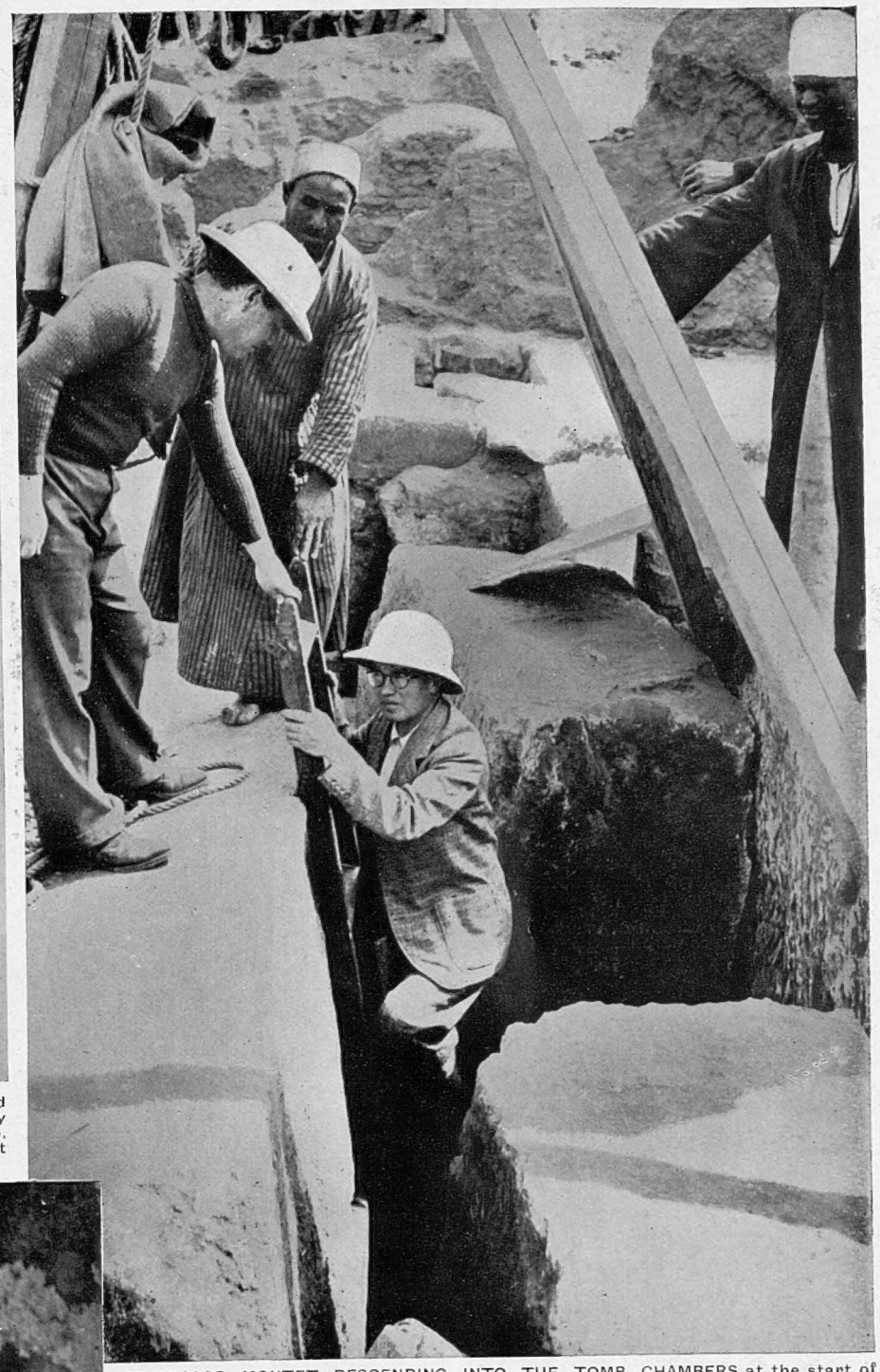
FOUND IN THE NILE DELTA

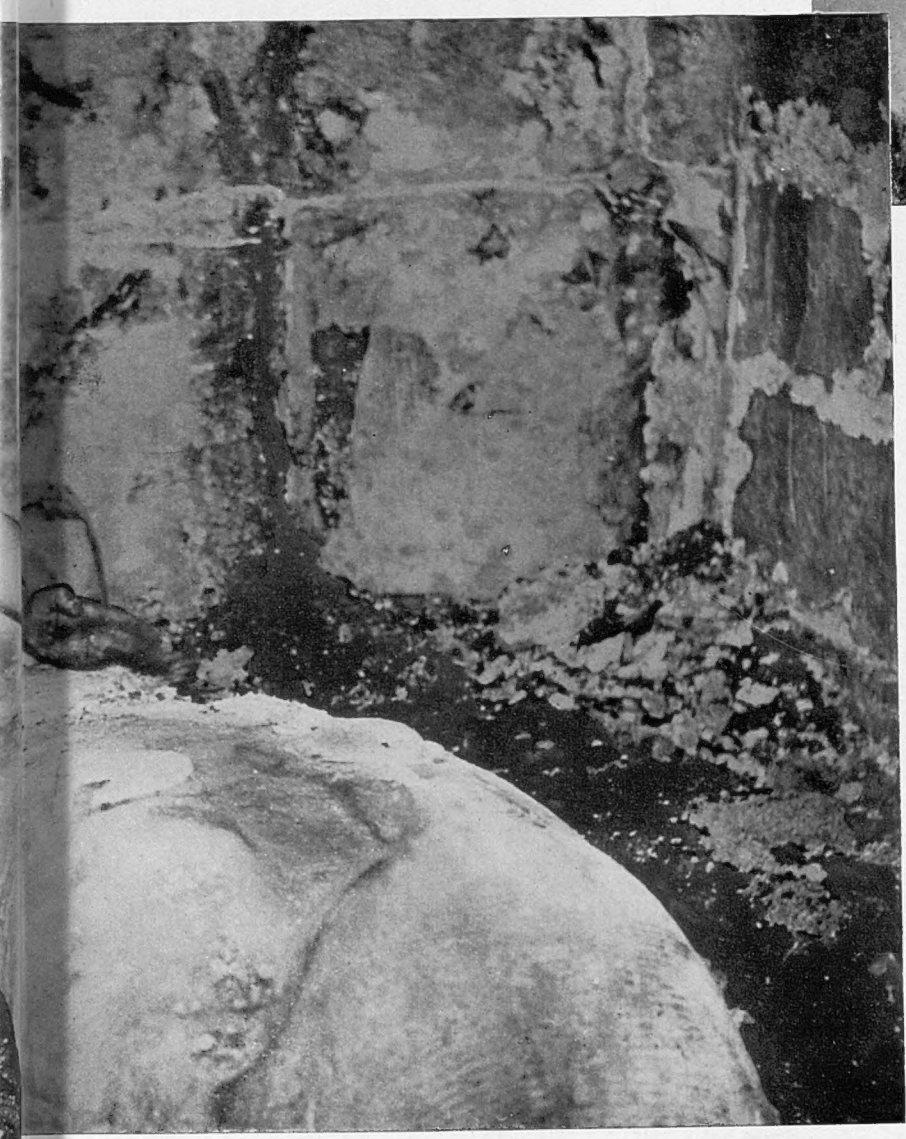
Shishak, Conqueror of Jerusalem in the Days of Rehoboam



excavations that are shedding much new light on the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Dynasties, one of the obscurer periods in the history of Egypt. Far and away the most outstanding find to date is the tomb of King Shishak, the Pharaoh who, in the fifth year of Rehoboam of Judah, descended upon Jerusalem and plundered it



PROFESSOR MONTET DESCENDING INTO THE TOMB CHAMBERS at the start of a day's work among the excavations. He is not the first to have investigated Tanis, Mariette Pasha and Sir Flinders Petrie having preceded him, but he has been working there for many years and has now crowned his efforts with his discovery of the sarcophagus of Shishak, thus confirming the long-held belief that Tanis is the repository of much unknown Egyptian history, including events of Biblical interest. Many hold that Tanis was the point from which the Israelites started their exodus to the promised land. Up to now Tanis has attracted few travellers, as there has been little or nothing of a spectacular nature to see. From now on it will inevitably enjoy an increased importance



Twenty-second Dynasty, who, in the words of the Bible, "came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord, with twelve hundred chariots and three score thousand horsemen" (Chronicles II, Chap. XII). This is the first silver coffin ever found in Egypt and the first gold coffin to be discovered since that of Tutankhamen whose tomb was revealed to a wondering world in 1922 by the late Lord Carnarvon and the late Howard Carter

A MINIATURE MUMMY CASE OF SILVER held up for the camera by Professor Montet after he had found it reposing in one of the Canopic jars in the tomb chamber of King Shishak. Shishak, who lived about the year 950 B.C., was of Libyan origin. His ancestors, like the Mamelukes of later days, came to Egypt as the leaders of mercenary troops

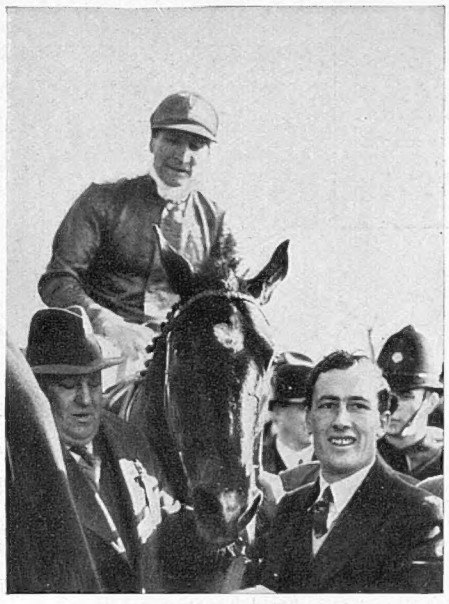
On right—

A CANOPIC JAR containing one of the silver, miniature mummy cases. Quite a number of these have been discovered in the tomb chamber of King Shishak

FROM THE WEEK'S HEADLINES:

"Yankee Clipper's" Flight—Workman Wins the "National"

SURVEYING THE ATLANTIC AIR ROUTE: Members of the crew in their cabin in the *Yankee Clipper*, the 42-ton American flying boat which, with twenty-one persons on board, left Baltimore Harbour on March 26 en route to the Azores, Lisbon, Marseilles, Southampton, and Foynes on the first Atlantic flight to be made by one of the craft which Pan-American Airways intend to use on their regular service between Europe and America. The Azores were reached in 17½ hours, the 2,450 miles being covered without untoward incident



AN ALL-IRISH TRIUMPH AT AINTREE: *Left*—Sir A. Maguire's nine-year-old horse Workman (T. Hyde up) taking Bechers Brook before going on to win a fine victory in the Grand National. *Right*—Workman being led in after his success which was enthusiastically cheered by the large Irish contingent that watched the race

A BIG ART MYSTERY CLEARED UP: When Mr. Robin Guthrie, the London artist, recently visited the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, he saw a drawing of this young seated girl ascribed to Augustus John. He immediately recognised it as one of his own studies. Last Tuesday Mr. Augustus John cleared up the mystery when he declared in a public statement that a year or two ago a woman had brought the unsigned drawing to him and he had signed it in the belief that it must have been one of his early works

IN TOWN TO-DAY: Meet Cynthia Cavanagh, one of the party of American lovelies which has just arrived in London for *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*, the new floor show at the Cafe de Paris

BETTER TIMES in HONG KONG:

Slightly Improved Feeling Prevails Though the Japanese War Still Goes On

MONTHS, if not years, ago, the Governor of Hong Kong warned the residents, British and otherwise, of his power to declare a state of emergency in the colony, and of his firm intention to do so directly necessity arose.

It is significant of the comparative peacefulness of Britain in south China that so far no such state of emergency has been declared. In fact to-day Hong Kong is probably as normal—superficially at any rate—as any British colony.

There is no noticeable food shortage in spite of Japanese occupation all round. Somehow or other the compradores are managing to supply their customers with all their usual goods even if they have to rely mostly on American shipments. And prices are only slightly up.

The housing situation is no longer acute. Rents are still higher than they were, but people are beginning to find it less easy to sublet their premises, and several hotels and boarding houses have rooms empty from time to time (an almost unheard-of thing six months ago). One cannot yet pick and choose, but rooms, flats and houses *are* obtainable at last, especially now that the Fleet has gone south (to Singapore). This is partly due to the numbers of new blocks of flats which have been put up with the rapidity of Chinese mass labour, and partly to the fact that latterly fewer families have gone east, wives and children often being left behind because of unfavourable (and often exaggerated) reports of conditions in Hong Kong.

The refugee problem was getting much easier before the recent Sumchun bombing. The reported Japanese landing in Namtau, a peninsula just outside British territories in the Pearl River estuary, did not, as rumoured, increase the number of refugees entering the colony. Chinese guerrillas had been active in the neighbourhood for some time, and Japanese aircraft had dropped warning pamphlets. On top of this there certainly were unconfirmed reports of a Japanese landing, but if it took place at all it happened in small parties and did not have any immediate effect on the colony.

The Sumchun bombing of course did, and refugees poured in again over the border (nowadays manned by the police instead of the military). It all happened so suddenly that there was no time or opportunity for vaccination beforehand. Steps are now being taken to prevent a smallpox epidemic, which so far has not occurred this winter. This is quite remarkable because, apart from refugees, the cold winds from the north usually spread a certain amount of smallpox among the Chinese every year—just as cholera is still almost inevitable with the heat.

A.R.P. work is progressing apace among British *and* Chinese. Even the baby amahs are attending first-aid classes. Their "Missies" are working at all kinds of things, including lorry courses, although it is a little difficult to perceive the value of knowing how to take a lorry to pieces in Hong Kong, which in the event of war would be entirely isolated and probably kept very short of petrol!

The Chinese New Year Fair was held (at the end of February) with much the usual enthusiasm. More people this year went to buy, but the total money spent was reported to be slightly less. Fewer crackers were let off than in previous years, which, while a relief to the foreigners, was nevertheless a sad indication of the feeling among the Chinese of the need for economy and the doubt of any cause for celebration.

Meanwhile Canton seems to be reviving. Despite the continued chaos and uncertainty the city enjoyed a phantom prosperity for the greater part of last year, and now more and more Chinese businesses are reopening daily. Nearly 70 per cent. of the former hotels and restaurants have resumed business, and about 60 per cent. of all shops and stores in principal thoroughfares have reopened. One or two cinemas and theatres are once again in operation, and more are to follow suit as soon as arrangements for the supply of foreign films from Hong Kong are completed.

All this is the more creditable in view of the robberies, holds-up and lootings which are still rampant in the city, in spite of the numbering and registration of all Chinese. Even foreigners shopping in side streets have recently been victimised. Clashes with Japanese military patrols are of almost daily occurrence as the majority of robbers and looters go about armed.

The newly-formed Chinese police force has so far not proved of much use in suppressing serious crimes, and the Peace Preservation Committee has decided to increase the strength of the force by 500, while the training of the police recruits is being done by the Japanese gendarmerie.

Negotiations which have been going on for some time over the river shipping between Hong Kong and Canton have resulted in at least a temporary resumption of services by the Hong Kong, Canton and Macao Steamboat Company. The *Kinslan* sailed from Hong Kong on February 28. She carries both passengers and cargo. It is hoped that this will be the forerunner of a regular service similar to that which has been discontinued since the Japanese occupation of Canton and the closing of the river last November.

Adding to the more optimistic outlook is the fact that Kwangtung has had two wonderful crops, and there is plenty of rice stored up in the interior districts not only of Kwangtung but also of Kwangsi and Hunan.

Jean Gordon

London En Fête for the President

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Recording the Celebrations on the Occasion of M. Lebrun's Three-day Visit

The Royal Hand of Friendship for France

Of all the many happy incidents caught by the camera during President Lebrun's visit to this country—a visit that is recorded in detail in this special section of "The Sphere"—none was more striking than the arrival of the King and Queen for the banquet at the French Embassy. Her Majesty, a radiant figure in a picture gown of white tulle, is seen advancing to shake hands with M. Loze, Chief of the Protocol, while Ambassador Corbin looks on and His Majesty follows behind. The Embassy banquet was attended by over 100 guests, rare Sèvres pottery being used for serving the eight courses. Afterwards the Royal party with President and Madame Lebrun went to the gala ballet at Covent Garden

BRILLIANT SCENES AT COVENT GARDEN

As the King and Quee and the Lebruns Arri for the Gala Performanc

THE QUEE ARRIVES at Cove Garden for t gala performan in honour of t French Preside and Madam Lebrun, and wh she waits for h guests greets t Court officials. H Majesty's love white tulle dre was embroidere with gold sequi and had tiers tulle edged wi gold upon the ski She wore also t ribbon of th Grand Cross of th Legion of Hono

On left—**IN TH TAPESTRY-HUN FOYER** the Kin and Queen an Madame Lebru wait for the Pres dent to join them It was an evenin of real brilliance made particular memorable by th wonderful recep tion the crowd gave to the Roy party and the Frenc guests and by th performance of th Vic-Wells ballet

PRESIDENT LEBRUN ESCORTS THE QUEEN and the King prepares to escort Madame. Lebrun from the foyer to the Royal box at Covent Garden, while a packed audience was waiting to greet them. His Majesty was wearing the light blue full-dress uniform of Chief of the Royal Air Force. Behind the windows above the foyer B.B.C. officials provided a running commentary on the scene

On right—**THERE WAS A SPECIAL CHEER FOR QUEEN MARY** as she left her car at the entrance to the Royal Opera House, and she is seen here as a member of the Royal Household advanced to greet her. She wore a gold lamé dress embroidered all over with gold and crystal sequins. Her wide tiara consisted of diamonds

"H.M. LE ROI" was the wording on the card in front of the place where the King sat at the French Embassy banquet. *On left*—The pillared banqueting-room with places laid for over a hundred guests. The flowers consisted of scarlet roses and carnations surmounted by magnificent sprays of orchids

WHILE THE ORCHES LAISE": The ma at Covent Garden performance of *Princess.* With Earl of Athlone (se Ramsay (just behind Princess Helena Vic Princess Marie La

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On right— BEA GATHERED: during the sin National Anthe of the grand c the occasion and silver, and cock—from Whistler. In Mr. and Mrs. C Simon, and

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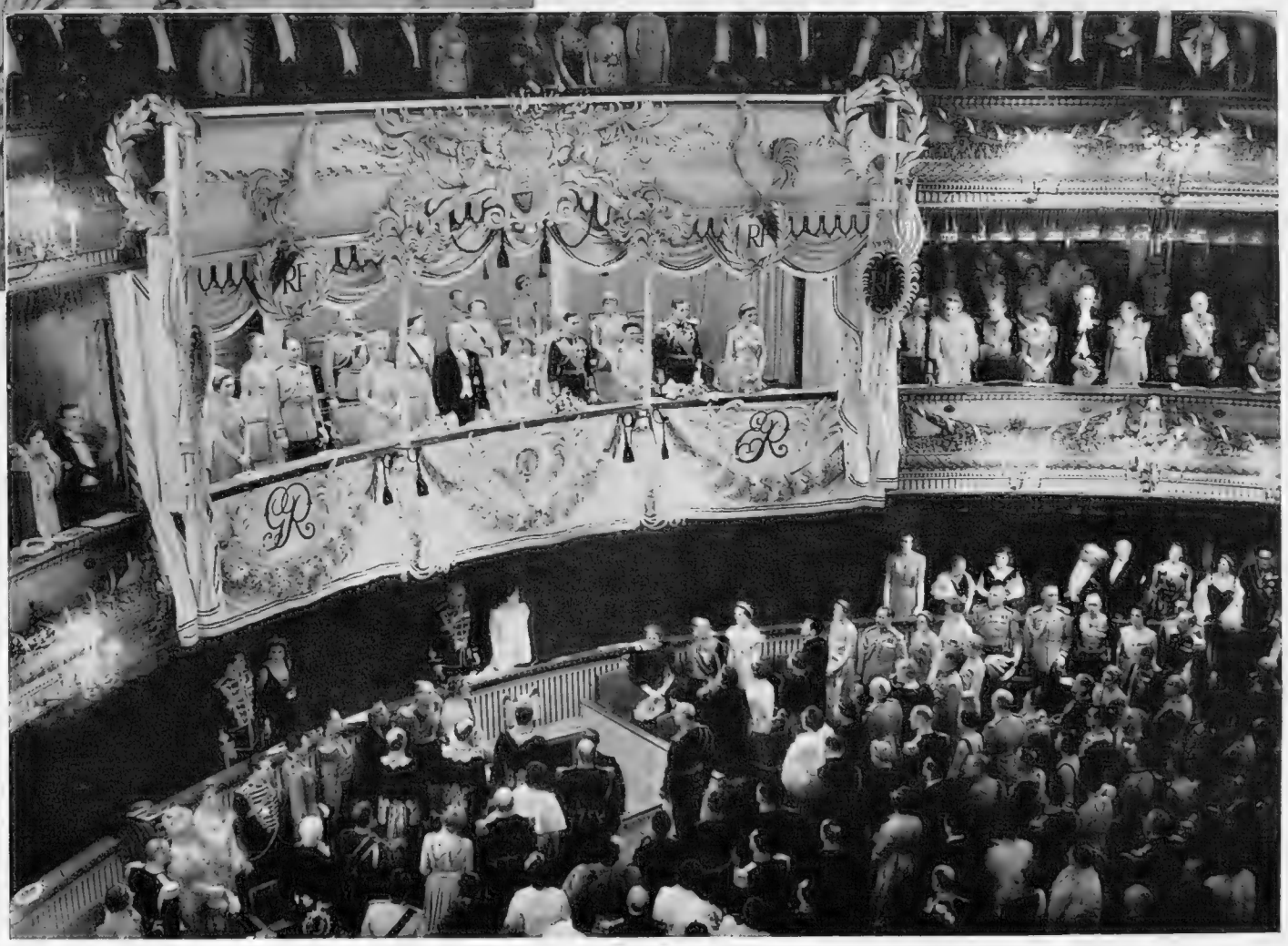
The King and the President at the Ballet

And the French Embassy Banquet : Two Brilliant Ceremonial Occasions

PLAYED "THE MARSEIL-
ent scene in the Royal box
ore the start of the gala
kovsky's ballet, *The Sleeping*
Royal party can be seen the
rom left), Lady Patricia
Queen and the President),
behind the King), and
behind Madame Lebrun)

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY: Their Royal Highnesses arriving for the banquet before the gala performance at Covent Garden. The Duchess wore a pale gold dress embroidered with sequins. She also had a diamond tiara. The Duke of Kent was as usual in naval uniform



AND CHIVALRY FOR-
audience stands to attention
of the English and French
The Royal box in the middle
was specially adorned for
draperies of white, yellow,
Royal Arms and the crowing
scheme devised by Mr. Rex
box on the right can be seen
berlain, Sir John and Lady
members of the Cabinet

BRITAIN WANTS NEW MERCHANT SHIPS

But Uncontrolled Subsidising Is Not By any Means the Way to Right Matters

By FRANK C. BOWEN

RECENT discussions between the shipping industry and Government have resulted in interest being thoroughly and healthily stimulated. Setting on one side the idea of a subsidy, which is only a palliative, and for generations past British shipowners have acknowledged that it is one which is full of evil possibilities, there emerges the necessity for new ships to replace British tonnage which has become obsolete.

One of the greatest handicaps of British shipping at the present time is the admitted fact that as a whole it is growing obsolete and that the replacement of old ships has not nearly kept pace with requirements. An uncontrolled subsidy may increase this obsolescence, as may be seen in many countries.

During the last twenty years, mostly slump, great improvements have been made in the economical running of ships. Both steam and Diesel engines have been vastly improved while by constant tank experiments and any number of patented devices the hull form has been very greatly improved to demand far less horse power, and consequently less fuel consumption, to drive a ship of a given carrying capacity at a given speed. Unfortunately, Britain is no longer almost unique in building new and economical cargo ships. The Scandinavians and Japanese have built new cargo liners which are equal to any in the world and the Greeks are now ordering the finest possible tramps, while various forms of state aid in building and running have given similar advantages to other flags.

To rectify this condition the shipowner's greatest problem is to raise the money to build up-to-date ships to meet foreign rivals, or alternatively to modernise existing ships. Some owners have done both with great success, but the great majority have not been able to put aside the money for depreciation, far less to lay out large sums.

Beginning with the Japanese, several countries have contrived to do this by what has become known as a "scrap-and-build" scheme, by which the State lends money for new construction on very easy terms if the shipowner breaks up a certain quantity of obsolete tonnage, sometimes two tons for one and sometimes ton for ton. This has modernised the Japanese and German merchant services, but it was not a great success when it was put before the British shipowners in 1935. £10,000,000 was provided for, but only rather more than £3,500,000 was taken up, resulting in fifty new ships of 186,000 tons gross being built by twenty-two owners, the Government lending 97 per cent. of the cost.

Nobody accepted the Government suggestion for modernising existing ships. These disappointing results were partly due to the fact that many of the details of the Government's plan were not ideal and that British shipowners saw that difficulty would be created, just as it was in Japan, where the policy resulted in the construction of first-class cargo liners but the practical extinction of the handy-sized tramps, which were badly needed in the Chinese campaign and whose replacement has demanded an entirely new subsidy scheme. But the competition of the cargo liners to Britain remains.

To consider new ships first, the greatest problem is to bridge the gap between the lowest price which British shipbuilders can quote with a reasonable profit and the highest price which the shipowners can pay with a chance of making a profit in the fluctuating prices of the shipping business. This gap is very wide and although it is appreciated that wages and living conditions are a major factor in both prices, neither party wants to interfere with these if possible.

Standardisation of design can help and it has been clearly proved that a modern ship of given capacity can be driven on a very much smaller running-cost than one built twenty years ago, but the problem is not quite as simple as it appears, for a good deal of the economy is obtained by patented improvements in hull and machinery, and by the time royalties have been paid on these patents it is often a very delicate balance between the running costs saved and the overhead and capital charges which have to be considered all through the life of the ship. In modernising an old ship the balance is even more delicate, for it has to be calculated on a much shorter potential life, especially with British regulations for safety. But that up-to-dateness pays is shown by the Chamber of Shipping table of ships laid up on January 1; out of 168 ships idle only seven were under five years of age.

The U.S., French, Italian, German, and Japanese Governments all believe that public money can best be spent modernising their merchant fleets, and in other countries the owners obtain equally valuable assistance through specially constituted banks which have large funds at their disposal.

The British banks are very chary indeed of the shipping business, as well they might be from the way they got

(Continued on page 34)

"WHAT I SAW IN OLD BOHEMIA"

A Correspondent of "The Sphere" Gives His Impressions of a Contented, Happy People In the Days Before Pan-Germanism Involved the Land

THE violent circumstances of the past fortnight send the mind roving back to what has been. I have several times visited Czechoslovakia, and on the last occasion I travelled through it from side to side and end to end. I visited not only the capital, Prague, and most of the cities and towns, but also picturesque villages, great and small, industrial areas, including those of Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia, and penetrated into Ruthenia. I also had the opportunity of seeing the life of the world-famous spas and health resorts.

I had ample opportunity of studying Czechoslovakia racially, politically and socially, on my visits to that country, both since the formation of the Republic and before that period, when the Czech and Slovak peoples were ruled by other nations. And what did I find?

I discovered in Czechoslovakia one of the richest, most prosperous, and progressive of the smaller nations. Its mineral and other natural resources are amazing in their extent and variety when the area of the country is considered. It had ever increasing industries on a large scale, and also many picturesque and delightful survivals of peasant and local industries, especially those in Bohemia and Slovakia, for example, glass making, glass-bead making, toy making, embroideries, and local arts and crafts.

In addition to these things there were the thousand-acred cornfields of Slovakia, with rich and abundant harvests of grain; the magnificent Skoda engineering works—in reality a small town devoted to that purpose, then largely engaged in the manufacture of motor cars and railway rolling stock, but of recent years, owing to Europe being an armed camp, in the making of great guns and other details of armaments. Then there was

THE CORE OF THE CZECH STATE: Through the centuries the territories belonging to Prague have expanded and contracted repeatedly, but the flame of Czech nationalism has never been dimmed within the Bohemian area. The mountain barrier on the west was always the political frontier

Brno, of late years having great munition factories, and lastly Pilsen, the great brewery town.

The people of Czechoslovakia were, and I got to know them well, a singularly happy, industrious and contented community, living under the beneficent, one might say patriarchal, rule of their well-beloved president, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. Even five years ago the poisonous German propaganda, devised to foment internal troubles and dissension, was just commencing its work, and was at least suspected in official circles. There was, however, little outward sign of it to be recognised by the ordinary traveller, or to arouse suspicion outside the country. But every little local rivalry or dispute between neighbours of German and Czech nationality was sedulously fomented, exaggerated, and exploited, and eventually declared to constitute tyranny of Germans on the part of the Czechoslovak Government.

Whether the Treaty of Versailles could have been modified to fall into line with German needs of to-day is rendered by recent events beside the mark by the action of the Germans, or rather their Government. But on my visit of recent time from end to end of the country I neither saw, nor was able to discover, such a state of affairs as would in any way justify the action just taken by Germany against the Republic, or rebellion against the *status quo*.

IS IT THE END OF THE SOKOLS? Once the gymnastic displays of this Czechoslovakian physical fitness corps were a wonderful example of the heights to which mass efficiency could attain

In the factories I saw contented and industrious workers, in a number of cases sharing in the profits of the industry after a certain ratio of dividend had been reached. In several instances the policy resulted in a marked increased profit in the years immediately following the institution of the experiment, this increase being shared with the workpeople.

In educational matters the Czechs were not behind other nations. In many respects, indeed, were in advance of some of their neighbours. And even in some of the villages I saw school buildings which for modern efficiency and convenience put to shame some that I have from time to time seen during peregrinations in England. Prague possessed one of the oldest universities in Europe, and there were also German and Ukrainian universities; technical high schools, both for Czechs and Germans; an academy of creative art; a conservatoire of music, and throughout the Republic a number of secondary and special schools, with numerous institutions founded for the furtherance of a knowledge of Teutonic, Slavonic and Latin countries.

In Prague itself was held each year a Summer School in connection with the university, to which students from all parts of Europe and even the United States came for the benefit of the classes held. In fact, Prague was an educational centre of culture widely different from that mailed-fist "kultur" that has become the German ideal of life.

In Czechoslovakia, too, physical culture was brought to a state of perfection long before Germany had reached or even imagined the height to which physical fitness could be brought—other than that connected with military training. The displays of Sokol, which took place in Prague, given by tens of thousands of the flower of youth of both sexes were world famed, and were amazing and impressive to a degree that cannot be realised by those who have never seen them.

My visits to Czechoslovakia have left behind them an ineffaceable memory of a wonderful people, a beautiful countryside, and much striking scenery. In Slovakia vast cornfields and marvellous harvests, with contented and happy inhabitants of that agricultural portion of the Republic.

A FARMHOUSE IN OLD BOHEMIA: The land had a deeply contented peasantry. To-day they must be hopelessly bewildered by the march of events

NEW GUNS AND NEW DRILL:

MM.'s of Swedish Design To Supplement the 3·7's : The Foot Soldier Will March in Column of Threes

A LITTLE BROTHER FOR THE MIGHTY 3·7: This new, light anti-aircraft gun is of Swedish invention and arrangements have been made for its manufacture under licence in England for distribution to all Territorial units. It is known as the 40 mm., its role being to beat fast-diving planes by firing its high-explosive shells in quick succession. Rapid loading is effected by the use of clips, three men being employed in the work of charging, one in firing, and one in range adjustment

THE 40 MM. UNDER TEST AT SHOEBURYNESS: The new Swedish-designed anti-aircraft gun at the moment of firing. Apart from its high-speed action it has the additional advantage of being very easy to limber up and remove to another position. There is a seat for the operator, while the man engaged in charging stands on a special platform. The gun undoubtedly forms a notable addition to Britain's ground defence system against aircraft

EVERYTHING IS DONE IN THREES in the new simplified army drill which men of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards are seen (*above* and *below*) demonstrating at Wellington Barracks. The drill is expected to come into regular use next month in the Foot Guards and in the infantry of the line

WHERE EDOUARD DALADIER BEGAN HIS CAREER: A by-street in the little town of Carpentras, department of Vaucluse, birthplace of the man to whom France has now given dictatorial powers to guide her through these uncertain times. It was the voters of Carpentras who first started M. Daladier off on his distinguished political career

THE BAKER'S SON FROM CARPENTRAS

How Premier Daladier Rose to Maturity In a Quiet Little Town of Old Vaucluse

Written and Illustrated
By GEORGES CLARRIÈRE

"TOUT le monde ne peut pas être boulanger" is the sharp retort which the mother of M. Edouard Daladier is said to have given in a conversation about her son to a too inquisitive neighbour who had dared to give advice. Whether the story be perfectly true or not, it sheds light on Rosine Mouriès, of Montmoiron, who became the wife of M. Daladier's father.

Baking was a tradition in both families: the successive generations of Daladiers and Mouriès had handed on the business from father to son, and apparently nobody in either family thought of anything else but baking. But Madame Daladier had two sons: first Gustave and secondly Edouard. Following family tradition, it was clear that Gustave was destined to succeed his father. But Edouard? His mother's watchful eye over her naturally-studious son, and her intuition that he might well break with tradition and do something better, awakened a determination that he should do so.

She never for an instant doubted his ability, but saw that what he needed was freedom to exercise it. So she it was who most encouraged Daladier to persevere with his studies despite discouraging comments that a baker's son could hardly succeed in any other line but baking. To watch his steady progress from school to college, college to university, was her greatest joy. For the bakery she did not give a thought: it was in the hands of her husband, and she knew that Gustave would see to the future of it. It must not, however, be supposed that father and brother did not perceive, but with lesser precision, and certainly without intuition, what Edouard might one day become—at least a prominent educationalist or even a Member of Parliament, and allowing for disappointment, at the very least a councillor of his native town, Carpentras!

To understand better the character of Daladier, it is necessary to know something of life in and around Carpentras, and, in fact, to visit the town if possible, and study the habits of its people. Carpentras, where Daladier was born on June 18, 1884, is a country town of about 13,000 inhabitants; spread out on a plateau 100 metres above sea level, and dominated by the enormous Mont Ventoux, which rises to a height of 1,908 metres. It is an extremely clean town, the general colour of which is almost ivory white. It seems perpetually sunny there, and abounds in plane trees. It is surrounded by orchards and market gardens, and there are many square miles entirely devoted to growing strawberries. The people of Carpentras are extremely methodical in their habits, and it is a town where waste is almost unknown. Within fixed hours, routine rules everywhere; but when the people relax from their labours, they look, and certainly are, amongst the most joyous in France.

The great Mont Ventoux seems to have a peculiar influence over the inhabitants of Carpentras. When anyone has a moment to spare for a saunter, it is invariably taken along the Allée Jean-Jaurès, an enormous avenue double lined with plane trees, from which promenade the awe-inspiring view of the mountain is seen. At the eastern end of the avenue is the Boulevard du Jeu de Ballon, and half way down this road is the Rue Clapiès, where Daladier was born. It is a sunny but perfectly insignificant street tucked away in a corner of the town where nothing in particular happens, where hardly anybody seems to pass, and where from day to day, week to week, and year to year the inhabitants do to-day exactly what they did yesterday. Out of this exceedingly quiet street came young Daladier, to sit on the wall at the point called Fer à Cheval, to peruse his books of study, and to gaze on the fascinating Mont Ventoux.

Of all his studies, that of history interested him the most; history of past civilisations, history of modern nations, social and political history; the history of mankind.

Those who imagine Daladier as a baker, who was self-taught by night study in the bake-house, imagine a picturesque but rather absurd myth. Daladier was never a baker at all. While he lived regularly in Carpentras he was simply a schoolboy who, after school hours, helped, with his brother Gustave, to deliver his father's bread. True it is that he pushed the little hand-cart round the streets of Carpentras, his pockets bulging with books—but without a thought for bread in his mind. What may be considered picturesque goes no further. Nobody paid sums for his education, for the family was never rich. By sheer hard work, by reason of that doggedness which characterises the natives of Carpentras, and by inheritance of the powerful and justly ambitious character of his mother, Daladier won one scholarship after another, and so paid for his own education.

Earning money by baking bread, or by any trade, never entered his mind. His sole purpose was to acquire knowledge, believing that in the future this store of knowledge could be put to a useful purpose. He was a scholar at the Communal School at Carpentras when, at the tender age of 11 years, he won a scholarship to enter the local college. There he passed what is the French equivalent of matriculation, at 16 years of age. Afterwards he entered the University of Lyons, and henceforth he soared. He had escaped Carpentras, the bakery, and everything else, for higher and mightier spheres.

Round about this time, Daladier began to be seriously interested in politics. Not party politics, but with the broader view which a fellow who was shortly to become professor of history at the University of Grenoble was more likely to have. But, all the same, it was what one may call applied politics, the centre of which was his native town of Carpentras. Around him gathered not idle admirers of his talents, but sincere friends who shared his honest aspirations. So it is hardly surprising, especially if one knows the clannishness of Carpentras, to learn that in 1912 he was elected mayor of the town.

No political astuteness, or showmanship, had anything to do with his election. It was the town's recognition of one of its outstanding characters, an obvious leader, a man clearly indicated to further the interests of the town and its people. Many voted for Daladier, as they have since done in parliamentary and ministerial circles, not because they necessarily shared his identical political views, but because they recognised the man that he is—straight, forceful, active and wise.

The history of Carpentras is marked by the recognition of local men whose worth lay in their personal character and in what they accomplished, and not by reason of their social standing or political opinions. In Carpentras, amongst many worthy but lesser lights, were born François Vincent Raspail, the precursor of the doctrines of Pasteur, and Jean Henri Fabre, the famous entomologist.

The war of 1914–1918 interrupted Daladier's political career. He served with considerable bravery in the trenches of Champagne and won several distinctions. In 1919 Daladier was again in the political sphere of the Vaucluse county for which he was elected Member of Parliament. In 1924 he was re-elected, and by this time his political standing had become so strong that, the following year, he was invited to join the Ministry.

Three years later Daladier made a break with Carpentras, for at the reshuffling of seats in the polling of 1928, an older politician being well-seated in Daladier's native town, the latter sought favour in another constituency. Despite the danger of encountering much difficulty, if not defeat, in a district where all shades of political opinion exist, Daladier put up for Orange. His stand was that, as it has always been, of service to the nation, scrupulously eschewing all party politics and electioneering intrigues.

He was elected by a great majority, many voting in his favour despite the fact that they personally held somewhat different views. Daladier was elected for his worth, not for his political label.

Orange, however, is not like Carpentras. It is quite different in aspect, and the inhabitants have a slightly different temperament and outlook. The town is more compact and somewhat smaller than Carpentras; and is generally better known, not only by reason of its world-famous Roman amphitheatre and triumphal arch, but because it is situated on the main P.L.M. line from Paris to Marseilles.

The people of Orange would like to build and offer a house to Daladier, but he will not hear of it. Unassuming as he was when at Carpentras, he has been content to put up in furnished rooms—a very simple bedroom and a sitting-room in which there is nothing modern but a telephone. His meeting place is not the town hall, nor even the municipal theatre, but a very ordinary saloon on the first floor of café premises. He would come and go from Orange like any ordinary citizen, but that his visits cannot pass unnoticed.

Carpentras, however, is not forgotten by Daladier, nor is he any less honoured there. But times have changed. The little bakery in the Rue Clapiès no longer belongs to a Daladier. The family tradition has been broken, for brother Gustave passed away without leaving a successor.

To understand the underlying nature and strong character of Daladier, and appreciate it—which is most important—one must know something, at least, of the quality of the ancient race of Comtadins, a race not hard-headed and stubborn like the Bretons or Auvergnats, nor changeable and uncertain like the Normands or Bearnais; but, for lack of a better word, consistent—especially so at Carpentras, which is one huge family whose motto is "Unitas fortitudo, dissensio fragilitas."

LOOKING ACROSS THE ROOF-TOPS OF ORANGE, the town of Vaucluse department for which M. Daladier has sat in Parliament during the ten years since he ceased to be Member for Carpentras, his birthplace. The people of Orange have long been anxious to build a house for their member, but he prefers when he goes there to put up in furnished rooms

THE PORPOISE and the LADY:

This young lady is evidently enjoying the unique experience of feeding an 850-lb. porpoise in one of the great tanks at St. Augustine, Florida

THE PRICE of IMPERTINENCE:

Peter the Penguin was insubordinate, so Percy, the King Penguin, sent him flying from the ramp on which he had been standing. A new camera study from London Zoo

WAXES GIFTED TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT: Enhancing a Wonder Collection

ST. GEORGE SLAYS THE DRAGON: This magnificent wax is one of twenty-five from the collection of the late Lady de Gex, which have lately been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum. In the top right hand corner is depicted the crucifixion of St. Andrew

A COLOURED, SPANISH WAX OF THE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A representation of the Virgin and child included among the collection of seven waxes presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Dr. W. L. Hildburgh. The Virgin is shown wearing a red robe

THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC: A fine German wax typical of the detailed work of the Baroque period. It is also in the collection of seven waxes recently given to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Dr. Hildburgh and it was probably copied from, or else inspired by, an engraving

THE collection of waxes at the Victoria and Albert Museum has lately been doubly enriched; in the first place by the bequest of a collection of twenty-five belonging to the late Lady de Gex, and secondly by the gift of seven waxes by Dr. W. L. Hildburgh, F.S.A., six of them being German and one of them Spanish.

The very complicated and effective work depicting St. George and the Dragon, and the crucifixion of St. Andrew, in the right hand corner, stands out as an excellent example of wax-modelling in seventeenth-century Germany. The colouring is effective, and reminiscent of Dutch and German paintings of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, touches of vermilion standing out brilliantly against the duller background of blacks and browns.

The Spanish example is the only coloured one in the Hildburgh collection, and the red robe and blue draperies of the Virgin are further enhanced by the sparkling representation of jewels at throat and wrists. The pearls are cleverly represented, and the fineness of the detail speaks eloquently of the artist's ability.

It is believed that the beautifully-detailed scene depicting the "Sacrifice of Isaac" was inspired by an engraving.

Iris Brooke

THE GLORIOUS ANNALS OF THE MEDICI FAMILY: A Notable Exhibition in Florence

THE town of Florence is itself a permanent Medici exhibition, and for this it has to thank Anna Maria Ludovica, Electress Palatine, last of the Medici, who left by will to the town of Florence her enormous property, and the great art collections of her family. She should have become by right Grand Duchess of Tuscany after the death of her brother Gian Gastone, but the great powers (France and Austria) smashed the independence of Tuscany in favour of the Austrian Grand Duke Francis II of Lorraine. In spite of this insult Anna Maria Ludovica returned to Florence where she lived a dignified and quiet life, spending enormous sums on charity.

The Medici exhibition now taking place is in their old palace which, since the seventeenth century, has been called Palazzo Riccardi but which will now, once again, take the name of the great family that built it and made it the centre of art and learning. The exhibition in fact stresses the wide influence that the Medici exerted on the world through their protection of literature and art.

Professor Nello Tarchiani, with a committee of experts, has been responsible for the arrangement of this commemoration not only of the Medici but of the great men of their days. From the first to the last—1400 to 1742—we see them all; their children, their lovers, their friends, and the artists who worked for them, their portraits surrounded by the tragically more durable work of man showing us how they looked, what they wore, and in what houses they lived. On the ground floor is a section given to genealogy and iconography, as well as to the documentation of political and commercial interests of the Medici all over the world as it was then known. All this is important for students of history. Architects will find in the plans of the great Renaissance buildings ordered to be constructed by the Medici much that can be of use even now.

The Benozzo Gozzoli chapel forms part of the exhibition, and for the months that it will be open the Berlin Gallery has lent the picture painted expressly for this chapel by Fra Filippo Lippi. It will be placed in its original position above the altar. One of the most interesting of the rooms is reserved for the artists, writers, and musicians living at the time of Cosimo, Pietro and Lorenzo; close to this is the salon kept for Leo X, his brothers, Piero and Giuliano (Duc de Nemours), Pope Clement VII, and Catherine de Medici, with portraits by Sebastiano del Piombo and Titian; drawings by Michelangelo and Raphael.

Here, too, are the magnificent tapestries showing the festivities given by Catherine and her son, Henry III, and here is the casket by Valerio Vincentino of rock crystal, engraved with twenty-four scenes from the life of Christ, for which Vincentino was paid 2,000 gold crowns. Its value now can scarcely be calculated with accuracy.

We look at all these things and realise what each member of the Medici family has done for the glory of art.

Yoi Maraini

A MEDICI YOUTH: A portrait by Ridolfo di Ghirlandaio in the Medici Exhibition which is being held in Florence throughout this spring and summer to reflect the activities of a renowned family

MARIE DE MEDICI, by G. F. Pourbus, the younger. Another famous member of the great family whose portraits adorn the walls of the Palazzo Riccardi where the Medici Exhibition is now taking place

COSIMO I AND HIS FAMILY: A large cameo included in the Medici Exhibition. Cosimo's life was one almost uninterrupted period of prosperity. During his reign he was successful in his political alliances and procured for Florence security abroad and peace from civil dissension within her walls

BEFORE MEMEL WAS ANNEXED BY THE REICH : *The Period of Nazi Part Control*

EXCHANGING THE NAZI SALUTE: Young members of the Memellander Ordnungsdienst (Security Service), an organisation created by the Nazi authorities in Memel to advance Nazi interests, greeting each other in the street. A recent picture taken while this area was still nominally part of Lithuania, although enjoying a large measure of autonomy. Last week, however, the whole situation was changed, Germany abruptly annexing the territory by threatening Lithuania with invasion

MEMEL'S BROWN HOUSE: Two members of the Security Service on duty outside the building from which Nazi political and cultural affairs in Memel were directed prior to the annexation. The Lithuanians seldom interfered

LEARNING THE SONGS OF THE FATHERLAND: Uniformed Memel Nazis singing a chorus and (*below*) at work in their headquarters. Of recent months they have made repeated requests to Herr Hitler to bring them into the Reich, and there was great rejoicing in the territory last week when the annexation was accomplished

IN THE NAZI G.H.Q.: Officers of the Nazi Security Service discussing the policing of the various parts of Memelland. For several months before the annexation they exercised great authority, often treating the Lithuanians as aliens. *Below*—A portrait of Hitler and a copy of *Mein Kampf* on a Memel bookstall

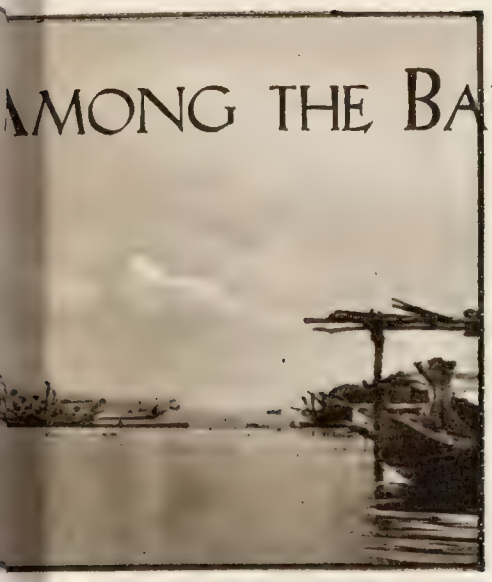
PUNTING IN PLACID WATERS: Typical Badjaco fisherfolk coming ashore from one of their large houseboats, seen in the background, to sell their catch to the Chinese curers of Sitankal, a Philippine island. *Below*—The Badjacos have a deep distrust of land, but bury their dead on terra firma. This is a typical cemetery, the carved wooden tomb in front representing a boat carrying the deceased (the upright portion) to a new world

THEIR MONSOON HALTING PLACE: Boats belonging to the Badjacos, sea nomads and descendants of the last pirates of the Malayan archipelago, moored against the fish-curing wharves of Sitankal, an island

FISHING BOAT AND HOME: Badjacos manning a "vinta," craft which they are destined to pass their whole lives. The nade the sea are a timid, fast disappearing people, eking out icari livelihood by fishing, but their pirate ancestors were rror

HOUSEBOAT DE LUXE: One of the larger "vintas" of the Badja moored in shallow water off the island of Sitankal. The h is built up very much above the water-line, renderin intensely difficult to control in anything like a high

AMONG THE BADJACO SEA NOMADS: Their Pirate Ancestors were once the Terror of the Malayan Archipelago



between Borneo and the Philippines, where they at intervals to sell their catch and to rest during onsoon. The Badjacos live entirely on the water and of their houseboats are very beautifully constructed

craft in mads of carious error of

the Malayan archipelago where they raided islands almost with impunity, time and time again carrying off treasure, women, and children. The pirates married people of many different races and as a result their descendants vary in type enormously. *Above on right*—The gracefully carved prow of a "vinta"

DRYING THE CATCH: Fish caught by the Badjacos is split and laid out in the sun on the curing wharves at Sitankai, island of the Philippine group. It is afterwards sold by the Chinese merchants. *Right*—A Badjaco sitting in the prow of his small craft. He is a sturdy though primitive type and is probably of very mixed race

FRENCH ART AT NOTTINGHAM

A Representative Exhibition of Contemporary Works

"TÊTE DE JEUNE FILLE": An example of the sculptural art of Louis D'Ambrosio in the Exhibition of Contemporary French Art which the French Ambassador, M. André Corbin, promised to open on Friday of this week at the Castle Museum and Art Gallery, Nottingham

"LES CHIENS SAVANTS": A striking work by Maurice Georges Poncelet in the Exhibition of Contemporary French Art at the Castle Museum and Art Gallery, Nottingham. The display will remain open until May 14, giving Midlanders ample time in which to pay a visit

"THE WEDDING PARTY": In this picture Jean Aujame brings to bear on the subject something of the cruel but brilliant realism of Honoré Daumier, though it is lacking in Daumier's great simplicity of style. Among other contemporary French paintings which will undoubtedly command wide attention at the Nottingham exhibition are those of Jean Ambiard, Germain Delatouche, Maurice de Vlaminck, A. Marque, and F. Popineau. The corporation is to be congratulated on having sponsored such a show, for it is all too rarely that the provinces are given a glimpse of contemporary Continental work, art lovers being compelled to come to London if they wish to keep in touch with current developments

CLUMBER OLD MASTERS IN LONDON

The Dispersal of a Fine Collection of Portraits Attracts Art Lovers

"PORTRAIT OF AN ORATOR" AND "PORTRAIT OF A DIVINE": Two contrasting pictures in the famous Clumber Collection which it was arranged should be dispersed on Friday of this week at Christie's. They have both been displayed recently at Nottingham Castle Museum where the Exhibition of Contemporary French Art is now taking place. The picture *on the left* is by Ferdinand Bol and was once thought to be a Rembrandt, while that *on the right* is by Cornelisz van Oostsanen and was once deemed the work of Holbein

An important picture sale took place yesterday at Messrs. Christie's, when the old masters from Clumber were sold, being the remaining portion of the Clumber collection which was dispersed last year. Among these pictures is a very interesting one by Ferdinand Bol, called "Portrait of an Orator," showing a distinguished-looking young man at a window, pushing aside a yellow curtain with one hand while holding a roll of paper in the other. This picture was formerly ascribed to Rembrandt as a self-portrait but it has now been decided that Bol, Rembrandt's pupil, was the actual artist.

Bol was a pupil when Rembrandt had his school in the old house in the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam, where he carried out his singular method of teaching. He kept his pupils apart, in cubicles at the top of the house, the model visiting them in turn, Rembrandt passing from one to another giving instruction and advice. Another portrait of distinction is that of a divine, by Cornelisz van Oostsanen, which, like the Bol picture, has been wrongly attributed. Its resemblance in style caused it to be considered the work of Holbein, for which at first sight there appears justification.

Among other pictures by Rubens there is one of a lady smelling a rose, which she holds in her right hand. She is wearing a black dress, opened in V shape at the neck, decorated with some long, jewelled chains. A companion picture is entitled "Tasting"; the lady in this case taking some grapes from a basket. Van Dyck, who worked as an assistant in the studio of Rubens and who learnt so much from him, painted the portrait of Sir William Killigrew who was connected through his daughter with the owners of Clumber. A typical cavalier of the time of Charles I, aristocratic in bearing, with something of the melancholy of his royal master, Sir William Killigrew is shown wearing a black dress, cloak over one arm, white lace collar and the long hair of his day. The picture is inscribed "A van Dyck pinxit 1638." Killigrew was gentleman-usher to Charles I and remained loyal to him throughout the Civil War, commanding a body of troops.

Among the more modern portraits is that of Lord Brougham, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, representing the Regency statesman holding some documents in his clasped hands, gazing straight at the spectator as if he were delivering one of his speeches in the defence of Queen Caroline. For his staunch advocacy of that irresponsible queen he became idolised by the London crowd, though he gained many enemies by his overflowing self-conceit and confidence.

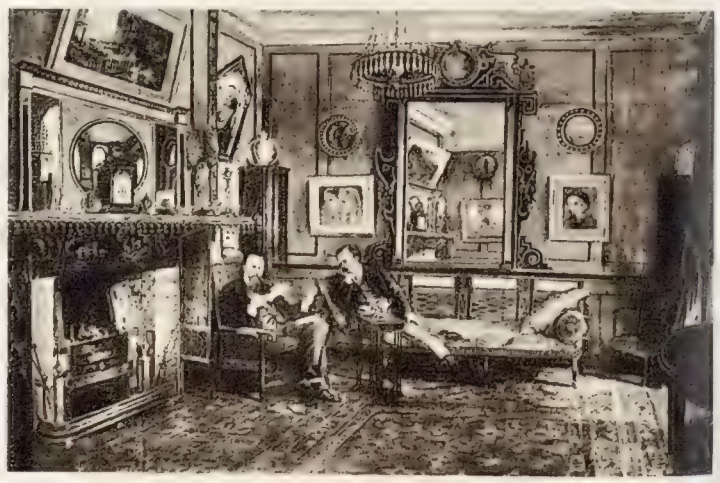
A "conversation piece," by Arthur Devis, is a pleasing example of that eighteenth-century artist whose pictures have of late years attracted attention. The 9th Earl of Lincoln, with his wife in pink and silver dress and their infant son in girlish frock, are shown under a tree on the grass terrace of old Clumber House.

The collection of old English glass transfer pictures, formed by the late Mr. Stephen Winkworth, is to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby on April 20. These "transfer" pictures, apart from their own charm, represent a definite period of eighteenth-century decorative art. Naval subjects, sporting pictures, domestic scenes and many portraits of famous people are included in the illustrated catalogue.

"The Pines," 11 Putney Hill, the house of Theodore Watts-Dunton, so well known as a Victorian critic and author and above all as the protecting friend of Swinburne, was offered for sale last month but received no bid at all. No one either was anxious to possess Swinburne's bed, which apparently had no other value than a sentimental one. The drawings of the pre-Raphaelite group—Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, and relics belonging to them, as well as a series of letters from Rossetti to his studio assistant, H. Treffry Dunn, removed from "The Pines," were sold at Sotheby's on March 22. The careful, photographic detail of the picture by H. T. Dunn of the parlour of Rossetti's house, 16 Cheyne Walk, made it a fascinating record of the period. Rossetti is shown reading the proofs of his poems "Ballads and Sonnets" to Watts-Dunton.

Perhaps the picture which aroused the most interest this season was the gay and vigorous painting by Judith Leyster, which had attracted many Dutch dealers to Messrs.

(*Continued on page 34*)



RECITATION PIECE: Rossetti reading his "Ballads and Sonnets" in the parlour of his house at 16, Cheyne Walk, while Theodore Watts-Dunton, the noted critic of the period and friend of Swinburne, listens attentively. The picture is by H. T. Dunn and was sold at Sotheby's together with other effects from the Watts-Dunton home in Putney

London Bridge

North, South, East and West, wherever four good players sit down to a game, it's on the cards that Johnnie Walker will be on the table. For there are certain qualities that knowledgeable men naturally look for in a whisky. Maturity, mellowness, delicacy, distinction. And naturally they find them all in Johnnie Walker, because Johnnie Walker is a blend of the finest whiskies—*all* the finest whiskies—that Scotland can distil.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker—**

"In Town to-night—"

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

IN A DOORWAY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: A new portrait of King George with Princess Elizabeth, who will be celebrating her thirteenth birthday on April 21, and Princess Margaret, who is now over eight and a half years old. *On left*—The two Princesses are seen posing by themselves and *on right* they are seated together at a piano

KING GEORGE VI

AND HIS DAUGHTERS

Three Hitherto Unpublished Pictures

Pictures by Marcus Adams

THIS GLASS AGE:

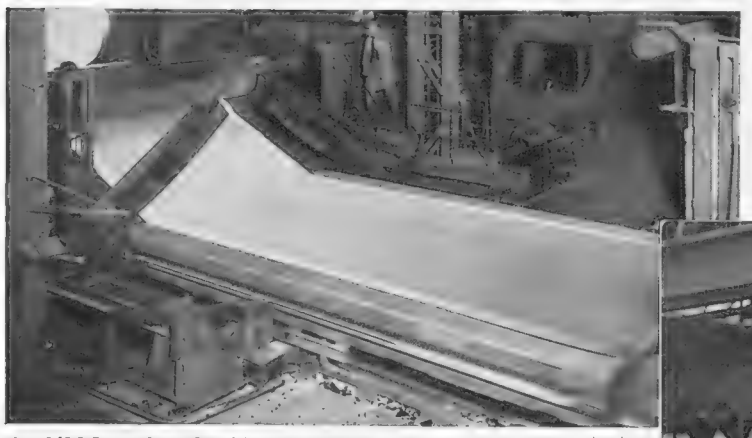
A Vital Product: How it is Made, and Some of the Countless Uses it Serves in Everyday Life

By NOEL THOMPSON

READY FOR THE CUTTING TABLE: A big sheet of plate-glass being handled by two operatives who, owing to its great heat, have to wear asbestos gloves

AS I was walking down Regent Street I noticed a woman studying her reflection in the huge sheet of glass that formed a shop window and it occurred to me that if historians of the future want a generic term to describe the period in which we are living, they might do worse than call it the Glass Age.

It was over a glass of light ale that this idea crystallised. I jotted down a few uses of glass, apart from the obvious ones. Food containers, insulators, electric light bulbs, wireless valves, microscopes, telescopes, spectacles, glass to let in ultra-violet rays, or to shut out heat rays, glass for all kinds of decoration, glass bricks, the very bar on which my glass rested was "Vitrolite," the decoration "Vitroflex"—a type of specially treated glass. And in Essex I recalled some fifteen miles of road



A RIBBON OF SEMI-LIQUID PLATE-GLASS passing at high speed through the rollers on its way to the annealing chamber

where the kerbs are of white "Vitrolite," a boon to motorists at night.

The home of glass is St. Helens, about 12 miles from Liverpool. I had often wondered why this should be so, but I soon learned the reasons. First, coal was raised there as early as 1557. Coal brought a canal, and the two together, with good local supplies of sand, and the proximity of a coastal port accounts for the choice of St. Helens as a glass centre.

The second reason was that in 1826 two brothers named William and Richard Pilkington purchased 1½ acres of land in St. Helens and with about 300 employees started to make glass there. This family firm, the greatest glass-making firm in the world, is still turning out glass on the same site—which has now increased to over 600 acres. And the employees number between 10,000 and 11,000. In fact, the firm and St. Helens are practically synonymous.

The glass at St. Helens is made of sand, soda, lime and dolomite and can be claimed to be thoroughly British in origin, as the sand is obtained from Rainford near by, the soda from Cheshire, the lime from Derbyshire, and the dolomite from Yorkshire.

Unable to face the task of examining 600 acres, even if my courteous guide could have spared the necessary three days, I concentrated on the plate-glass and sheet (or window) glass sections, and the lovely showroom which in one building parades some of the amazing uses to which glass can be put.

We start with sheet or window glass. *From one tank or melting unit they can turn out up to 1,000,000 sq. ft. of glass per week, dependent upon the thickness, which may range from one millimetre to a quarter of an inch.*

In the old days this glass was blown from a blowpipe into a shape like a flattish bottle. The sides of this were cut and spun out flat by rotating the blowpipe. This left in the centre a "bull's eye," which was the cheaper part of the glass. You must often have seen them in the windows of old houses. Nowadays they are being specially produced to give an antique appearance!

Skipping over the hand-blown and mechanically-blown cylinder periods, both now superseded, we enter the mixing room to watch the flat drawn process.

First, wipe your feet on the mat. There must be no extraneous material to spoil the clarity of the glass. Here trolley containers are receiving the sand, dolomite, soda ash, saltcake, and limestone in absolutely exact quantities, weighed to the minutest fraction and exactly checked.

This mixture is called the "frit." So by way of hoppers to the tank. Here we need blue glasses to look through, and the heat is terrific, being between 1,200 and 1,500 deg. C.

The glass is now a bubbling liquid in the huge tank, 130 ft. in length, slowly making its way into five canals from which it will be drawn in a gradually hardening state 30 ft. to the top of the building.

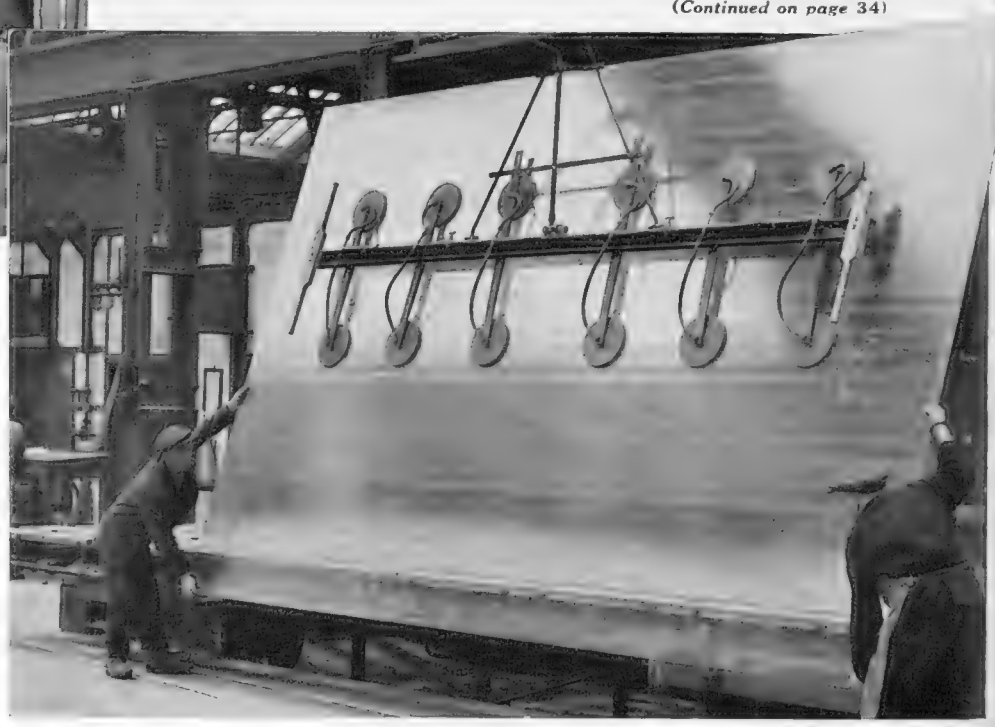
When starting a machine a metal rod is dipped into the liquid glass. The glass sticks to the rod like treacle and is drawn up, cooling as it rises. Cold water pipes at the side quickly cool the edges and stop the glass from narrowing into a point as treacle would. Up goes the glass, so clear you cannot see it, through the annealing chamber or tower, cooling all the time. Up again to the top floor, where the glass is cool enough to handle.

THE GRINDING AND POLISHING SHOP in one of the largest British glass factories

The speed at which it rises varies according to the thickness required, a foot a minute for quarter-inch glass, up to eight feet a minute for the thinnest glass, which means double shifts of men at the top to take the sheets away as they are cut off. The glass is usually 90 ins. wide.

The whole process is non-stop. The great 130-ft. tank goes on working day and night—Sundays, Bank Holidays—for probably a year or fifteen months; and then there will be a two-day break. The drawing machines probably do 4½ to 5 weeks non-stop.

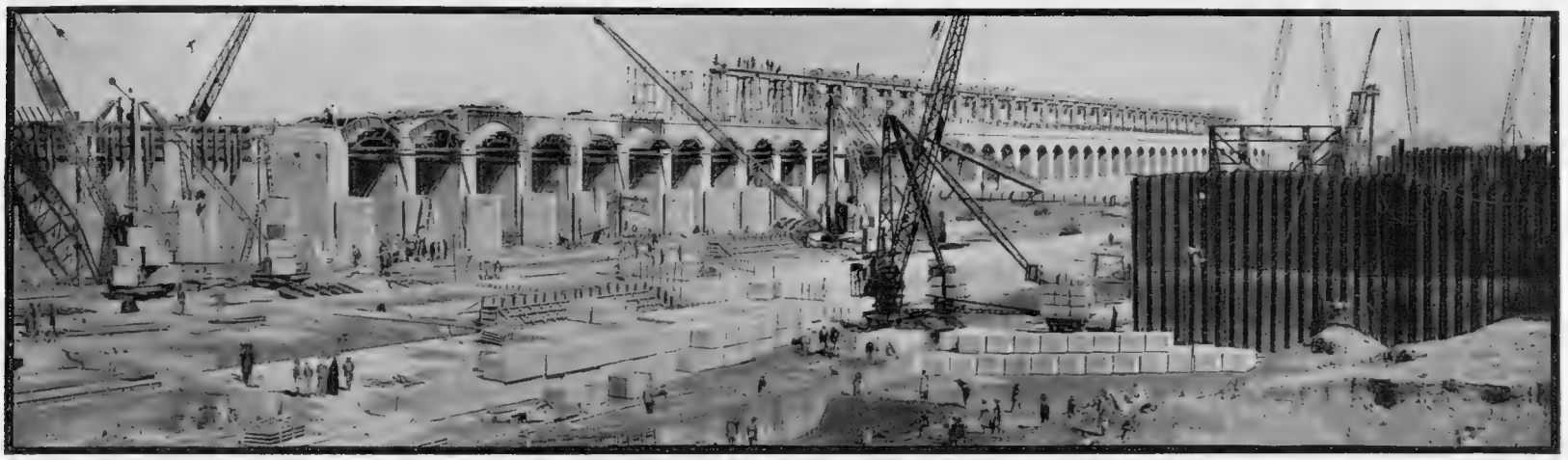
(*Continued on page 34*)



THE AIR COMPRESSOR SUCKER: An ingenious machine employed for lifting large sheets of plate glass. To deal with them in any other way would be a slow process, impossible in a modern factory

BRINGING the FERTILITY of BIBLICAL TIMES to IRAQ'S PLAINS

British Engineers Build the Barrage on the Tigris at Kut : Diesels on the L.M.S., and Other News of Engineering Interest



TO HOLD BACK THE RUSHING WATERS OF THE TIGRIS: Work in progress on the construction of the great barrage at Kut, Iraq, which was opened this week by King Ghazi and will be the means of irrigating vast areas and bringing them back to the immense fertility they enjoyed in Biblical times. In the foreground is the partly-constructed concrete foundation floor which extends a distance of 270 ft. in the direction of the river's flow, thus preventing any percolation beyond the barrage

BUILT BY BRITISH ENGINEERS: A general view, in its completed state, of the new barrage across the Tigris at Kut, scene during the world war of a much-discussed siege. The barrage is 1,625 ft. long and has about 50 openings, each fitted with a sluice gate for regulating the flow. The object of the great rampart is to ensure an adequate supply of water to the Shatt-el-Gharraf river, thus allowing that river to irrigate a much larger area. The work has cost just over £1,100,000

A NEW DEAL FOR PASSENGERS: *Above*—An L.M.S. streamlined Diesel train pictured beside an old type steam engine before leaving St. Pancras on its inaugural run between London and Nottingham and (*right*) the driver in his cab. The train consists of three cars and seats 24 first-class and 138 third-class passengers. Running costs are low and it has been found during previous experimentation that services such as this are ideal for use at hours when the number of passengers is limited

A MIGHTY SYPHON: These 15½-ft. diameter pipes carry the waters of the All-American Canal across the New River at a point 1 mile west of Calexio, California. The canal, which draws its supplies from the Colorado, is now almost completed and is already proving of inestimable value in irrigating vast tracts of desert territory

"SIR PATRICK, ARE YOU UNEASY ABOUT HIM?" asks Jennifer (Ruth Lodge) of Sir Patrick Cullen (Stephen Murray; third from right) who answers in non-committal fashion, "I admire his drawings greatly, ma'am." An episode from Bernard Shaw's comedy, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, which has just been transferred to the Whitehall Theatre. The group above shows the original Westminster cast

On Stage and Screen

THRILLERS AND

Barré Lyndon's "The Man in Hal New : A Revised "Dracula"

Reviewed by

I CONSULTED a real qualified doctor (free) during an interval of the first performance of Mr. Barré Lyndon's *The Man in Half Moon Street* at the New Theatre, where it has replaced *Johnson Over Jordan* (migrated to the Saville). Not because I was feeling ill—on the contrary I was feeling particularly well, for to find a play it is possible to enjoy to the full and to praise unreservedly is a rare and refreshing experience—but because I wanted to know precisely what an adrenal gland is.

For it seems that if you can get hold of somebody else's adrenal gland and graft it on to yourself in addition to your own, you can defy old age. You may be close on a hundred, but you will look as if you are still in your twenties, and feel the same way. What is more, you can get a girl as young and as pretty as Miss Ann Todd to fall in love with you. At least, that is what happened to Mr. Leslie Banks as the nonagenarian hero of this play.

The adrenal gland, I can inform you authoritatively, is situated in the region of the kidneys, and performs extremely important functions. Not unnaturally, these glands are hard to come by, even the most generous and kind-hearted folk being unwilling to give them up. For most people, therefore, this must be a case of the never-never-gland, and nature will have to take its normal course.

John Thackeray, alias Mr. Banks, was an unscrupulous type, and was determined to have adrenal glands at any cost, as well as money for the sundry operations. So he mixed himself up with dishonest bank-cashiers, persuading them to rob their banks and then taking not only the proceeds of the robberies but their adrenals as well. Since this involved murdering them, the poor cashiers hardly got a profitable deal. He disposed of their bodies by putting them in a bath of acid.

In addition to the grafting operations, this most damnèd villain had to drink radium water, which preserved his youth but made his flesh shine in the dark with a green phosphorescence. The lights were lowered for a moment to let us see the effect of this, and very ghastly it was. I could not help thinking, with, possibly, prurient impertinence, what would have been the reaction to this of his *fiancée* on the wedding night in the darkness of the bridal-chamber.

Of course it never got as far as that. Scotland Yard, through finger-print deductions, was growing suspicious, for these murders had been going on since the early '80's. Miss Todd discovered the truth and fled shrieking. And Mr. Thackeray-Banks, glandless when he had been duly checked, grew incredibly old before our very eyes in less time than it takes to kill a cashier. On the whole I prefer Mr. Harry Tate's recipe for immortality, contained in a ditty sung, and, I believe, written, by himself:—

"If you want a wrinkle
To keep you young and frisky
Keep late hours and
Drink plenty of whisky."

Which may be unscientific but is less *macabre*.

If this yarn is improbable to the verge of absurdity—and it is—it is not on that account any the less

THE COST OF IMMORTALITY: An exciting moment in Barré Lyndon's play, *The Man in Half Moon Street*, as the German doctor (Malcolm Keen), the nonagenarian chemist (Leslie Banks), who triumphs over nature by a periodical exchange of glands with younger men, and "Catty" Simms (Leslie Dwyer) watch from the window as the police surround the house. The chemist's chosen method of meeting the cost of immortality is to persuade others to rob banks on his behalf

efficient as a play of the type it sets out to be. In short, it is a thriller which justifies its existence by being well and truly thrilling.

The acting is quite immaculate. I would single out in addition to Miss Todd and Mr. Banks Mr. Malcolm Keen as an elderly doctor who is very much an accomplice during the fact, Mr. Michael Shepley (this time from Scotland Yard) and Mr. Morland Graham as a timid and apologetic little crook.

"Dracula."—Possibly the spate of good thrillers in recent years has taken the edge off the late Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, which, as a novel, a previous generation used to find unspeakably horrible. Even a dozen or so years ago, when it was made into a play and produced at the Little Theatre, its terrifying qualities seem to have remained, since it was found necessary—I believe quite genuinely—to have a hospital nurse on duty on the premises.

I saw a hospital nurse hovering optimistically in the stalls at the Winter Garden Theatre, where the piece, duly revised, has been revived. Whether there were more nurses in attendance elsewhere, or whether the occupants of the cheaper parts of t house could have been frightened to death for a the management cared I do not know; there ha been no reports of casualties to date. What I d know is that the only request I felt called upon t make to my nice stalls "nannie" was for blac coffee, hot and very strong.

There was a certain amount of hilarity whe this familiar vampire-bat blood-sucking busine attempted to get more gruesome than ever, and join in it occasionally I found a fairly efficie substitute for the coffee to counteract drowsine The piece may even have the success achieved year or two ago by that patriotic melodrama, *Your England*. But for me at any rate laughter in t wrong places has an uncomfortable flavour. always feel so sorry for the actors, even when, a in the case of *Dracula*, some of them are not ver good actors.

"The Dancing Years."—It is difficu to see stage pictures of pre-war Vienna and to hea Viennese waltzes, real or sham, without a rath melancholy reflection on that formerly gay city vanished glamour. At one moment—a rath late one—during Mr. Ivor Novello's *The Dancin Years*, which is all about Vienna, from thir years or so ago right down to the present Na domination, I heard on the orchestra the o Austrian National Anthem, which the Church England knows as "Glorious things of Thee ar spoken." It was skilfully disguised with unfamili harmonies and played in a minor key. This wa appropriate, but a cheerful major blasting of i with full chorus, might have celebrated t author-composer's double triumph.

On account of this production Mr. Novell certainly deserves that glorious things sho ld b spoken of him for some time to come, an I it i likely that they will be.

That triumph stands in some danger of bein under-rated by those who are not aware of th tremendous difficulty of providing Drury Lan with a suitable entertainment and a successful on at that. Mr. Novello has done this before off his own bat and he has done it again. To write a big-scale drama, to compose music for it, to pla the chief part and at one period even to conduct the orchestra—and to get away with it al. is a pretty considerable achievement in any case however much your precious highbrow ma

SPOOKS IN THE OFFING! Mr. Topper (Roland Young) looks quite as disconcerted as the hotel manager (Franklin Pan born) and the doorkeeper when his hat sails mysterious into the air. One of many bright moments in *Topper Takes a Trip*, which came to the Odeon, Leicester Square, last week

The Theatre

Moon Street" Impresses at the Presented at the Winter Garden

PHILIP PAGE

sneer at the quality of each one of those activities. I do not think Mr. Novello merits a sneer on any count, in that he bears himself throughout with becoming modesty. What is probably more to the point is that his theatre looks like being full for a long time to come and that he and sundry other people should make a considerable amount of money.

Boiled down, his play is a sentimental trifle about a young Viennese composer who has an affair with an actress. This is interrupted by the inevitable misunderstanding and she marries a prince. Years later the composer, middle-aged and grey-haired, is imprisoned in Vienna by the Nazis and is released by his old love who, it seems, has some influence with Herr H–tl–r. As that gentleman happens to be fond of music himself (and an Austrian) he was possibly in a lenient mood towards an Austrian musician.

Having no wish to cause wreckage in Drury Lane's auditorium Mr. Novello does not show us H-tl-r in person. The ecstatic endorsement of a few anti-Nazi remarks was sufficient indication of what might have happened had he done so. But the political portion of the play is very, very short and not, of course, at all sweet.

That is the outline of the story. The important point, however, is that it is not boiled down. On the contrary, it is made a most delectable and highly elaborate dish, decked out with ballets, lovely costumes, good scenery, large and well-managed stage-crowds, and, above all, some very agreeable music.

Mr. Novello is a much better musician than most people give him credit for, and as a composer he continues to progress. If he has not given us here a tune as attractive as that broad *nobilmente* Elgarian affair—still ringing in my ears—which he composed for his short-lived revival of *Henry V* last autumn, he can and has turned out waltz-themes of the authentic flavour and other catchy music of the period, to which he has added romanticisms which have an individual touch about them. The orchestra is conducted (and, I believe, some of the clever orchestration has been arranged) by Mr. Charles Prentice, who is rather more than an adept at this sort of thing.

I liked the bizarre little ballets or mime plays, which had nothing whatever to do with the plot but had a quality all their own. In one of them, Sir Walter Gilbey seemed to me to take a part; but I was doubtless mistaken.

Miss Mary Ellis sings beautifully and acts with the right tenderness and dignity as the actress-princess. Miss Roma Beaumont, a youthful blonde who began the evening as a Gretchen-soubrette and developed into an *ingénue* (and a good dancer too), "stopped the show," as they say, with one of her numbers. It was an evening of happy success all round.

'THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP": Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, and Helen Parrish team together in this new Universal picture which will be the Easter attraction at the Leicester Square Theatre. Those who saw La Durbin in *Three Smart Girls* can look forward to some bright fare with first-rate singing

THEY KNOW WHEN TO DISAPPEAR: Constance Bennett and the dog, Mr. Atlas, both give clever performances in *Topper Takes a Trip*. Whenever they are frightened or in any difficulties they just quietly fade away through the ingenuity of trick photography. It is no new device but causes a host of laughs

"The Family Reunion."—The London Mask Theatre people have done such good work at the Westminster, work for which all true lovers of what is best in the drama should be well and truly thankful, that with some hesitation do I confess that rarely have I found any play so tediously pretentious as Mr. T. S. Eliot's *The Family Reunion*.

Mr. Eliot is best known as the author of *Murder in the Cathedral*; the fact that I could not understand why that play was so successful did not make me any the less gratified by its success, for it was on a noble plane. But *The Family Reunion* is much more baffling stuff, calculated not only to baffle but to bore. A programme note runs:—

. . . "This intrusion of the Furies of Greek mythology into English country life reveals that the play's theme is that of the classical legend of Orestes. The pursuing forces let loose by an evil tendency in a family are just as powerful now as in the fifth century before Christ."

And lots more like that. The prevailing evil tendency in this family—a peer and his relatives in the dullest of English country houses—was to talk *ad nauseam*. Mr. Michael Redgrave as the peer had to talk most. Miss Catherine Lacey, as his aunt, held herself with poker-like stiffness, doubtless to indicate that she was a very aristocratic aunt. Nearly all the cast chattered and chattered "about nothing in particular, but did it very well."

DOWN LAMBETH WAY: Ursula Jeans holds the bag while her husband, Roger Livesey, puts the potatoes in during a shopping expedition in the New Cut, outside the Old Vic where they have been playing together in *An Enemy of the People*

A SCENE OF POSSIBLY UNWELCOME CHANGES: The Birdcage Walk approach to Wellington Barracks, showing the officers' quarters on the right. If rebuilding takes place here it is felt that harm may be done to the Palace area which at present possesses so much dignity

A New Menace to the BUCKINGHAM PALACE AREA

IN 1932 Carlton House Terrace was in grave danger of being demolished piecemeal. After a prolonged and unhappy battle, public opinion triumphed and the well-known terrace was saved, almost, but not quite, intact, for in one corner a monster in Portland stone raises its head above the dignified cream-coloured terrace. On the south side of the park a similar danger has now arisen, for there is a scheme for the rebuilding of Wellington Barracks. Both Carlton House Terrace and Wellington Barracks are buildings of extreme importance to the beauty of London. Buckingham Palace is inevitably the focal point, and is one of the few buildings in London that are perfectly sited. Almost surrounded as it is by parks, the buildings facing on to the avenues which lead through the parks up to the Palace become of national importance.

Wellington Barracks were built much about the same time as Carlton House Terrace, that is during the 1820's and 1830's. The barracks were officially opened in 1834, though parts had been in occupation for some time before this date. The chapel, which stands at right angles to the main block, had a ceremonious celebration of its centenary last year. Opposite the chapel, flanking the other end of the main block, is the officers' mess, built since the war and in perfect conformity with the rest. The barracks are now said to have insufficient accommodation for the modern requirements of troops.

No one is going to dispute the fact that soldiers should be comfortably housed or that the standard of living and accommodation has immensely improved since the early nineteenth century. But it so happens that the nineteenth-century façade of the Wellington Barracks admirably suits its very important site and relates to other buildings in the vicinity. Incidentally, it is one of the few good buildings the Army possesses. Also, the whole group as at present constituted has a unity. For all these reasons the authorities should treat it with very considerable respect, and endeavour to preserve the façade, even if it means acquiring more land at the back, and there is, it would seem, an empty site on which to build the extra accommodation. If the main block of the barracks is pulled down and rebuilt in stone or brick, the chapel and officers' mess, which presumably remain, being in painted stucco become incongruous. They will neither be in scale with the new building, nor of the same material.

London changes daily, and must change, but the area immediately surrounding Buckingham Palace should be treated as the centre of a civilised and dignified capital, not as just a bit of ground where blocks of offices, barrack buildings and unendingly roaring traffic vie with each other in importance. M.I.B.

On right—OVERHEAD VIEW OF WELLINGTON BARRACKS: New buildings could be erected on a vacant site

MR. BANCROFT'S RACY MEMOIRS

A Wealth of Good Anecdotes in "Stage and Bar": When Hawtrey was "After Reynolds"

MR. GEORGE PLEYDELL BANCROFT in his book of reminiscences, STAGE AND BAR (Faber and Faber. 18s.), gives proof of at least three distinct talents: he can write for the reading public, he can write for the stage, and he can make and keep friends. To illustrate this I need only refer you to the book under discussion, to a play called *The Ware Case*, and the number of affectionately dedicated photographs from the great with which the book is illustrated.

Mr. Bancroft's own position in the legal world is Clerk of Assize for the Midland Circuit, and in this capacity as well as in his earlier role of Judge's Marshal he has heard many famous judgments given and come to know the court technique, as well as the private foibles of some of our most brilliant Justices. Mr. Bancroft is the son of Sir Squire Bancroft and his wife, Miss Marie Wilton, one of the most popular and talented actresses of her day. From his earliest youth the writer knew Irving, Ellen Terry, Hare; all the great figures of the Victorian stage.

His boyhood was the time of theatrical despots. The actor-manager then ruled his theatre and his actors as stringently as a dictator. Even their private lives became his concern, whether for charity, as in the case of a charming Irving anecdote, or for reprimand, as when the young actor arrived at rehearsal in riding breeches. The theatre has indeed altered since their day.

While acting as Judge's Marshal to Lord Russell of Killowen, Mr. Bancroft also found time to write several plays which were produced in London with some success, Miss Violet Vanbrugh playing a big part in one of them. He felt that the moment had come to choose between the two careers and asked the Lord Chief Justice's advice.

The great Russell "listened very intently, and said: 'And now you're hovering between the pen and the Bar. And you're older by a little . . . . Well, you must make a decision, my friend. There comes a time in every young man's life when he must strike out for himself.'"

Satisfied with this counsel, Mr. Bancroft interpreted it that one must be willing to take a big risk, and he consequently launched into the hazardous business of play-writing. In this direction *The Ware Case* was of course his greatest success, produced by Gerald du Maurier who also played the lead. Another of his ventures was to become an administrator of the new Academy of Dramatic Art which Tree had launched in 1905, but the Bar never lost its interest for him, and it is to his friends of the Midland Circuit that these memoirs are dedicated.

Mr. Bancroft's anecdotes, whether of the law or of the stage would make the success of a less entertaining book. Two of his stories indeed I had heard before, but they are given here with such disarming references to chestnuts that they amuse all over again. I must say, incidentally, that he never tells a dull story. Here is a characteristic one about Charles Hawtrey.

"There was a scene in which Hawtrey was dressed for a fancy dress ball. He was made up like a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was, if I remember rightly, sneaking somewhat slyly from the room. But he was unhappily observed by another character in the play. 'Where are you going?' asked the character peremptorily.

"Hawtrey, with the blandest look imaginable, answered at once, 'I'm after Reynolds'."

I will say for Miss Sally Benson that she makes a good job of disliking people. She just does not like her fellow-creatures. Nor does she accept them; there is nothing passive about Miss Benson. She calls up their weaknesses and illustrates them with pointed and invariably effective short stories. In these she may include a friendly soul from time to time, but that is no aberration. They are there with a purpose, to show the principal (and unlikeable) character up in stronger relief.

The short story seems to be Miss Benson's medium. Her themes are always slight and possibly too tenuous to support the weight of a full-length novel. But a collection of short stories from her, such as LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is a real delight, ominous title and all.

The WORLD OF BOOKS *Reviewed* By VERNON FANE

Miss Benson is principally concerned with women, the proper study of womankind being womankind in her estimation. She gives no quarter, but on the other hand is neither bitter nor savage. Her thrusts reach their mark, but the swordplay is done for love of the skill that it demands. She decimates, but does it exquisitely. And she has humour, of an agreeably dry and caustic kind. There is the last line of the very short story of the family friend as only one instance, and, for another, there is the description of the clothes of a lady who had ordered enough knitting wool of a dull-grey-and-beige mixture to last her a lifetime.

"Because, as she sensibly observed, it would go with anything. This combination," observes Miss Benson, "which seemed to go with anything but Mrs. Rossiter . . ."

The best clothes may be designed by men, but it takes a woman to assess them.

THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) is a book which, I am told, has had an enormous success in America, and this is not difficult to understand, since it is made up in almost equal parts of alarming medical histories, an account of early medical pioneering in Kansas, and a number of asides, so human and so full of good sense that they are almost bound to win the reader over from the first few pages.

Dr. Arthur E. Hertzler is the author of many medical treatises but this is the first book he has written for the lay public. Now doctors have a traditional link with literature, as Mr. Brett Young, himself a doctor, points out in his preface, and though Dr. Hertzler is a far cry from Sir Thomas Browne, or again from Mr. Somerset Maugham, he has achieved a vigorous, racy, unsentimental style which is worthy of his subject.

Dr. Hertzler studied medicine in America and in Berlin during the '90's and started with a small country practice which meant hours, sometimes as much as fourteen at a stretch, spent in a flimsy little trap battling his way through storms and snowdrifts and mud to and from his patients' bedsides. Often when he arrived there it was to find a woman with nothing more than severe indigestion or a man whose local doctor refused to visit him any longer for imaginary complaints and who had called "the new doctor" in his place.

In early days an important part of a doctor's work was what the writer calls kitchen surgery. There were few adequately equipped hospitals and those that did exist were often impossibly far from the patient. So, given what Dr. Hertzler calls the two essentials, the doctor and the patient, the operation would take place in the house, shack, or even garden of the sufferer.

There were various hazards in this kind of work, as I am more than ready to concede. Not the least of these was an amateur assistant who would faint at the wrong moment and drop the lamp or the ether or whatever necessary adjunct he was holding. Even these mishaps did not rattle our doctor, however, who was known to operate by the light of a single tallow candle, or with the headlights of a car shining through the window. A doctor, he opines, should know anatomy so thoroughly that once an operation is started nothing makes him hesitate.

Dr. Hertzler had his own methods of dealing with difficult situations, some of them a little unusual. While on his way to a case of acute appendicitis one day he found the narrow road blocked by a large lorry which refused to move for him. "I took one crack at his left rear tyre with my six-shooter and he turned sharply to the right and stopped. . . . I got my appendix by daylight."

On another occasion he cured a chronic drunkard both of his hang-overs and the cause of them, by instructing the undertaker's men to call on him, complete with equipment. After that the man stayed sober for three years!

When there was no other material available Dr. Hertzler would operate on himself with, what sounds from his own description, needless ferocity. He lived, as people are wont to say with less justification, for his work.

More short stories, this time from Mr. A. G. Macdonell, and of a very different kind. The story from which the collection takes its title, THE SPANISH PISTOL (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), is a grim affair of post-war Poland in the days when Warsaw was swarming with Russian refugees and life was

(Continued on page 40)

Romanticism Runs Riot

ALL the heroines of every romantic epoch wander through the Paris Collections, and the general effect is heady and bewilderingly beautiful. For what woman, faced with the opportunity of glamourising herself in a crinoline, of sentimentalising herself in a froth of lingerie frills and lace, of turning herself into a gipsy, a South Sea enchantress, an Arcadian shepherdess, a Jane Eyre charmer, or an artless girl could resist temptation and remain purely temperate ?

Waltz Dresses, billowing and swaying from a slender waist, are absolutely ideal for the woman who loves to dance. Alix's magnificent frock of white organza is shown in our first sketch. It is patterned with branches of pale rose lilac etched with black, and there is a berthe feeling about the graceful shoulder draperies. Chanel does delicious drifting dresses of this sort, putting them over petticoats that have hems that are transparent almost to the knee.

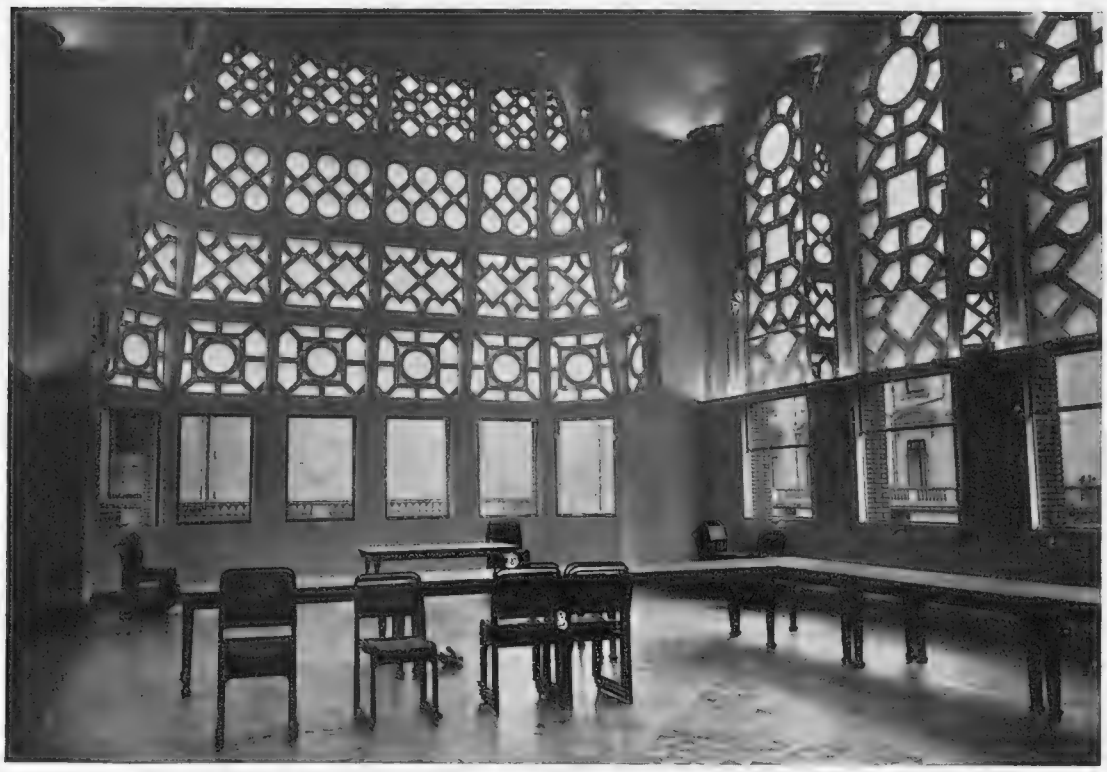
Slender Simplicity is not overlooked, and indeed it stands out with almost startling distinction among the masses of frills and furbelows. Patou's classic rose-pink crêpe frock is set against the exuberant folds of Alix's dance dress. The fullness is drawn to the front of the waist, and the belt is green and cyclamen, with two swinging pendants. Molyneux stresses this artless slenderness in his pure Directoire dresses, slit to the knee at the side, and worn with long, trailing scarves.

Crinolines are more important than ever. Rochas does them with the assured touch of a supreme artist, and what is more he frequently gives them a new piquancy by using cotton fabrics. He makes the dress on the right at the head of this page in white piqué spotted with black, trimming it with swirls and frills of black lace and tying two deep red roses at the bosom with a bow of black velvet.

Bustles are back. Schiaparelli does them. So does Balenciaga. Lelong and Creed and Maggy Rouff all suggest them in their flat-fronted basqued jackets. Maggy Rouff's exquisite Jane Eyre dress on the right is made of white plumetis, with a deep frill round the hips and an enormous bunch of violets tied to the skirt with rose and violet ribbons.

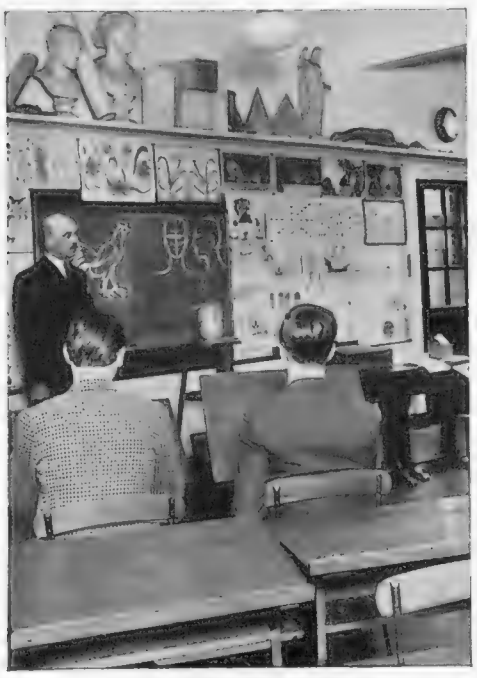
Lingerie Dresses are the trump card in every Paris house. They are this year's big news, they are enchanting, extravagant, and utterly desirable. On the far right is Chanel's white embroidered muslin frock with three ruched bands at the hem, and shoulder straps and a sash in cyclamen and navy blue organdie. Her Andalusian peasant dresses, which show net blouses with tremendous taffeta skirts and little handkerchiefs knotted round the throat, are vital and lovely. There is a very definite blouse-and-skirt influence in the evening, there is a series of puff-sleeved dinner dresses in star-spangled organdies, and there are a number of violent tropical prints blazing with massed colour and used for tremendous skirts, or for seductive, slender South Sea island dresses, draped about the hips and astonishingly brief above the waist.

ARCHITECTURAL NOVELTY AT THE INSTITUT FRANCAIS: *The New Building Opened in the Presence of M. Lebrun*



THE BANQUETING ROOM typifies the architectural style of one portion of the new building of the Institut Français—the French cultural centre in Kensington which was opened last week

FROM FOUR YEARS OLD UPWARDS the Institut Français offers an admirable training not only for the youth of the French colony in London but for the sons and daughters of many people living in the South Kensington and Chelsea areas. *Left*—The kindergarten class and (*right*) some older pupils standing on the grand staircase



AN ART CLASS in progress at the Institut where training of many different kinds is available. The Institut is also a great cultural centre, rendering an immense service to the vitally important cause of Anglo-French friendship

IN THE ENTRANCE HALL there is a fine display of sculpture. The building has been designed by two architects, one English and one French, and, as a result, offers certain distinct contrasts in style. The work of the French Government architect is highly novel, in some instances striking a rather eastern note

BRITAIN WANTS NEW MERCHANT SHIPS (*Continued from page* 16)

their fingers burned after the Armistice. That was very often their own fault, for they forgot the inevitability of the slump which was to follow the war boom, and encouraged all sorts of people to go in for shipping. They were not even warned when they saw the experienced men of the industry, wise old shipowners like the late Lord Runciman, eagerly snapping up the offers made by the newcomers for their fleets. The specialist shipping banks which exist abroad have a great advantage in knowing the business inside and out, and they have very rarely been badly let down.

Another point on which the Government could well help, with little or no reason for criticism, is in equalising the running costs of British ships and many foreign rivals generally caused by our looking after the personnel better, taking greater precautions over safety of life, and having less taxation allowance for depreciation.

Those two main points, construction and running, will not cure the trouble entirely. Special cases of unfair aid by foreign governments, or aggression with the backing of the authorities, have to be met by special measures, and they are constantly cropping up. But to secure the all-important sympathy and understanding of the tax-paying public the policy of the industry must be essentially constructive. Quite apart from inviting opposition in the first place, any vague system of Government help which cannot be traced to the end is bound sooner or later to mean fatal Government interference in the business.

CLUMBER OLD MASTERS IN LONDON

(*Continued from page* 24)

Christie's rooms in February. It had been bought by the late Mr. Holbrooke, of Burton-on-Trent, in 1910 for 720 guineas. At its recent appearance it was sold for £966 after a keen fight in which the Dutch were beaten by the English, the picture going to Mr. Lovell Vicars for an English client. At another sale at Christie's last month it was surprising to find the lack of interest in some Sargent sketches in charcoal belonging to the late Mr. Charles Hunter. When one remembers the tremendous prices paid for almost anything which Sargent had painted at the sale of his pictures a few years ago—a sale which realised the sensational amount of £175,260—it was something of a shock to find that these sketches went for 19 and 21 guineas.

THIS GLASS AGE (*Continued from page* 28)

But here we are at the top. The glass has been measured periodically to a tenth part of a millimetre, and a graph of any irregularities in thickness has been sent to the ground floor, where by moving asbestos insulators more or less heat is allowed to reach any position of the glass, making it thinner or thicker.

There is a lovely cracking of glass noise here at the top. As the glass reaches the correct length a "rabbit" or steel-wheel cutter whizzes across the glass and two men take the huge sheet—it bends almost like plywood—and snap it off. On to a table, where it is cut by hand with a diamond—and the waste edges are sent hurtling down a shute to be melted down into bubbling glass again.

Here I stand fascinated by the biggest machine of its kind in the world—it draws the glass up at a width of 132 ins. or 11 ft. and I learn that glass is always referred to as "the metal."

Now for the plate-glass. Here the tank may contain as much as 1,000 tons of glass which comes out in the form of a stream between two rollers into an annealing chamber. Slowly the ribbon of glass 100 ins. wide passes through the annealing chamber to the grinders and polishers. First rough sand, then finer sand for grinding, and for polishing, rouge (oh, how feminine) and water. And by this modern Pilkington process both sides of the plate-glass are ground and then polished simultaneously, producing a material called Twin Plate which has no perceptible waves or variations of flatness, and does away with distorted reflection.

I have dealt with only two kinds of glass. There is the "Armourplate" glass, which is polished plate-glass specially heat treated to an almost plastic state, then quickly cooled. It is immensely strong and has stood on test a variation of temperature from minus 70 deg. C. up to plus 300 deg. C. A sheet 44 ins. by 12 ins. has been tested to take a weight of 20 stone. It bends, and if broken only goes into harmless small pieces like bath crystals.

"Vita" glass, as you know, lets in the ultra-violet rays. A whole average house can be glazed—the correct word for fitted—with it for between £3 and £5 extra.

"Vitroflex" is, as its name indicates, flexible for decoration purposes, owing to its "unit" cuts and fabric backing.

There is glass with stipple face, rough cast double-rolled glass, satin-finished glass, panels, cupboards and sliding doors of glass, a glorious glass wall fountain, and an ice-green, cool-looking lump of solid glass weighing approximately one and a quarter tons.

I am wondering what man's ingenuity can yet think of as a use for that hygienic "metal" known as glass, first discovered some 3,000 years ago, when I am told that a dress of glass is not impracticable. On which note I take leave of Mr. Geoffrey Pilkington and St. Helens to search for something in a glass, the temperature of which is not 1,000 deg. C.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

but no place in the wide world has such a fine "setting" as FLORENCE, the fair City of the Red Lily on the banks of the Arno. The very stones are eloquent of romance and tragedy, laughter and sorrow, chivalry, honour and glory. Here, amid the palaces of Tuscan nobles, is the perfect background for the

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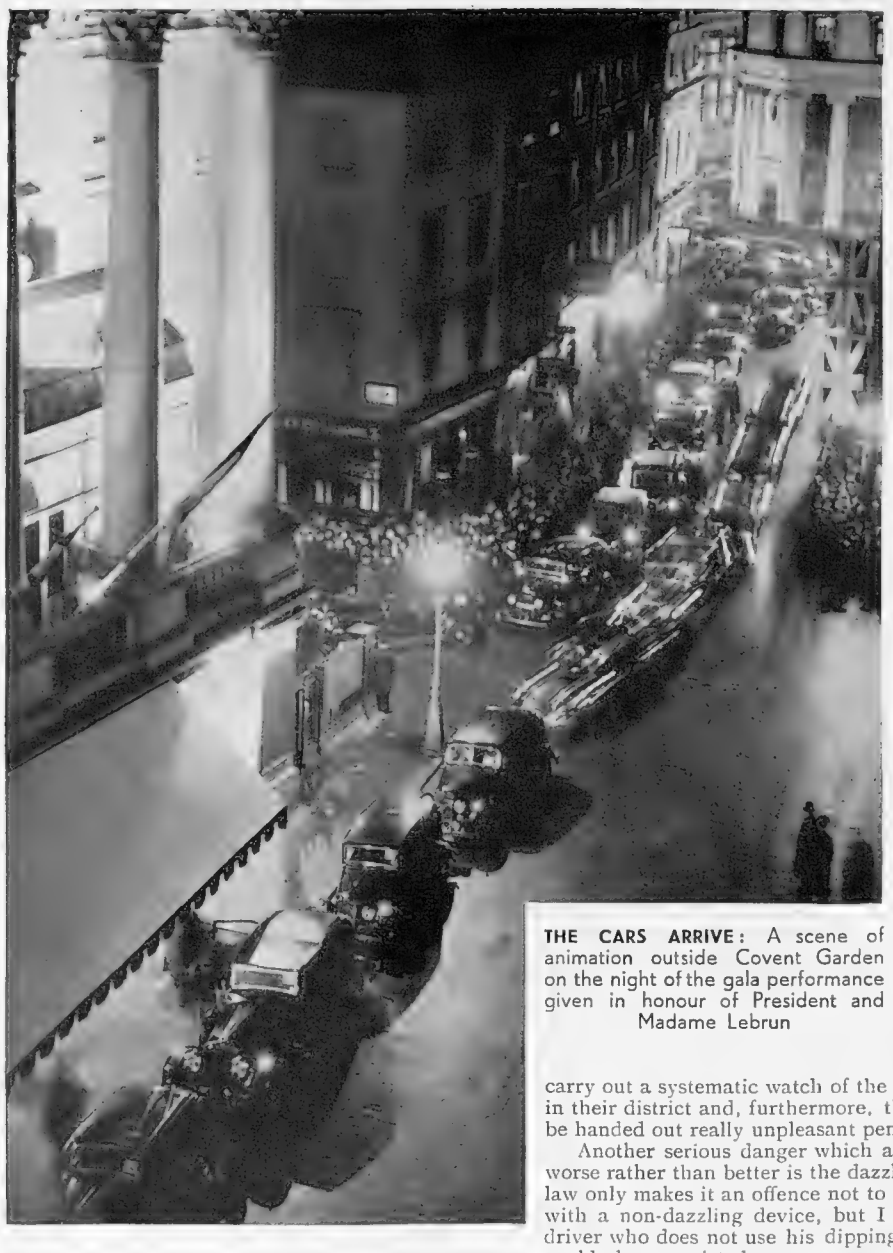

THE CARS ARRIVE: A scene of animation outside Covent Garden on the night of the gala performance given in honour of President and Madame Lebrun

The Petrol World

A HINT TO THE MEN IN BLUE

Tackle the Motorists Who Really Err Rather Than Those Who May be Had Up For Technicalities

IT is a regrettable fact that the police forces in this country carry out their offensive against motorists at times and places where the technical offence committed worries no one but the police themselves. It looks as if the men in blue look for what I might call the easy jobs, and are more concerned in making certain, without too much trouble, that the erring motorist will be made to cough up a fine rather than endeavour to catch offenders speeding in streets where exceeding 30 m.p.h can be quite a dangerous proceeding.

It is common knowledge that speed cops frequently work double-carriageway roads, which for one or other foolish reason are restricted by the 30 m.p.h. limit. In all probability there are no houses or even a pedestrian in sight but if the driver is caught exceeding the legal limit then the full rigour of the law descends on him.

Then again, a tour round the parking places in London will find numerous policemen doing nothing else apparently but taking down the numbers of cars as they are brought in and then waiting to see if any driver leaves his vehicle for a longer period than that permitted. If these policemen, who are presumably parking experts, were to be given a roving commission with instructions to summons any driver who parks his car in a narrow street right opposite another car that might be parked and so constrict the available road width to that which would only permit one line of traffic to pass, the police would be doing a really useful job and, although many of our motoring fraternity might be fined, very few of us would have cause to complain.

Another useful activity for the police would be to watch the innumerable traffic lights throughout the country, particularly in our big towns and cities. All right-thinking motorists welcome the erection of traffic signals at any busy cross-roads although they may tend to slow down the general speed of traffic. We welcome them because they add to the safety of all road-users, provided, of course, that they are rigorously respected by all. During the past six months or so I have noticed a growing tendency on the part of some drivers to jump the lights, a proceeding which turns what should be a safety device into a danger trap.

The "orange" and the "red-and orange" are ignored almost to an equal degree. Personally, I have had several close shaves due to this habit and so I now always proceed with extreme caution when the "red and orange" turn to "green." If a lorry or a bus is in the centre of the roadway and there are private cars between it and the pavement waiting on the line for the lights to change to "green," an accident can scarcely help happening if any vehicle coming from the off-side road jumps the lights. The drivers in the private cars, owing to their view of oncoming traffic from the off-side being obscured by the big vehicle, have little hope when they accelerate from a standstill of avoiding a collision if a car coming from the off-side rushes across just as his lights turn to red. When I find myself sheltered in this way by a lorry or a bus I always let the latter pull away ahead of me when the lights turn to green so that an offender coming at right angles can crash into the heavy vehicle rather than into me. I suggest that the police authorities should carry out a systematic watch of the various traffic lights in their district and, furthermore, that offenders should be handed out really unpleasant penalties.

Another serious danger which appears to be getting worse rather than better is the dazzling headlamp. The law only makes it an offence not to have one's car fitted with a non-dazzling device, but I feel certain that the driver who does not use his dipping or dimming device could be convicted on a summons for careless, negligent or dangerous driving. I read a large number of papers both daily and weekly but I have never yet seen an account of any driver being pulled up for not using his anti-dazzle equipment. If the large army of mobile police are allowed to frequent the roads during the hours of darkness they must be the victims themselves on frequent occasions of the thoughtless driver who leaves his lights full on when other vehicles are passing. Let them act.

Many weeks have passed since I last made a report on the upheavals on the famous Guildford by-pass. Three corners are now in the process of being super-elevated. The work is definitely being proceeded with at a greater pace than before and looks as if a very great improvement will have been effected when all the work has been completed.

What puzzles the average motorist like myself is why this super-elevation of the bends was not incorporated in the original design, particularly as I believe the county council concerned had already banked several corners on existing roads in their district before the Guildford by-pass was completed.

It is, of course, a case of better late than never, and before the end of the year I am sure that travelling along this by-pass will not only be quicker but safer than before. One if not more of the bends receiving attention at the moment originally appeared to have super-elevation running in the wrong direction, with the result that driving was, to say the least of it, unpleasant. In addition to the banking of the bends in question, I notice that the radius of some of the curves are being eased. Here again one cannot refrain from asking why were they not right in the first instance?

The Guildford by-pass boasts of a concrete surface and I always have thought and still think that concrete is one of the best and safest surfaces on which to drive. In the county of Surrey and elsewhere it has been the practice to make concrete roads in two halves along their length and to fill up the joints with some bitumastic material, thus creating what is in effect an expansion joint. The ribbon of tar-like material is inclined to allow some cars, particularly the smaller types, to skid, but as drivers do not use the centre of the road to any great extent no great inconvenience is caused.

On bends, however, the concrete road appears to be laid down in three sections so that we have two black ribbons on the surface in positions where the wheels of practically every car run along. As the cars are rounding a bend the tendency to skid is naturally greater than when they are travelling in a straight line. I suggest, therefore, to the authorities that they should cease to carry out this method of construction on curves, but as I suspect the cause is due to extra width being given to the road at curves it is not possible, or shall I say advisable, to continue the two-sectioned method as is done on the straight. To get over the difficulty, so far as I can see, it would be possible on bends to lay the concrete in cross-sections, a method of construction which would mean that the wheels of all cars would go over the expansion joints at right angles and thus reduce very considerably the risk of skidding.

The annual R.A.C. Rally, which is due to be held this year during the week ending April 29, already looks as if it will be as successful as ever. The entry list has closed and the total number of cars to compete is 224, 107 of these having open bodies and the remaining 117 being closed cars. Forty-six different makes are represented, thirty-five being British and the remaining eleven being foreign. The grouping of the cars on a horse-power basis is distinctly interesting. Ninety-eight are cars over 15 h.p., fifty between 10 and 15 h.p., and seventy-six in the smallest group of all, that is up to 10 h.p.

Amongst the cars entered I notice the following: Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Lagonda, Daimler, Wolseley, S.S., Delahaye, Alvis, Humber, Lanchester, Railton, Austin, Standard, and Morris. The greatest number of cars of any one make is twenty-four and the car in question is M.G. The new Raymond Mays car, of which four are due to compete, will be watched with interest, and other new cars which will be competing in this rally for the first time are the Morris Eight, Standard Eight, Austin Eight, and Wolseley Ten. A very big public will follow their performances very closely.

Looking down the entry list I see the name of a car which I do not think has ever before been in a British competition and that is a Mercury, which is one of the latest products of the Lincoln works. The list reveals another car which I confess I have never heard of previously—a Bantam. I am told that this is an American vehicle of only 8 h.p. The cars start from various places but they all finish, at least they hope to, at Brighton.

ROOMINESS AND GRACE COMBINED: Mr. Lionel Windover with a Daimler Twenty-four fitted with a special Windover limousine body seen on the promenade at Nice

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THE CAMP OF DI LUNA: The setting for Scene I, Act III of Verdi's *Il Trovatore* which is to be the first performance in the 5th Spring Musical Festival which opens in Florence on April 27 and continues until June 6. At the same time a series of lectures will be given

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU:
Notes from Near and Far

THOUGHTS ON EASTER TRAVEL

Why Washington Should Not Be Missed on An American Trip : The Florentine Musical Festival

EASTER TRAVEL.—Travel will be occupying the minds of most people next week. With spring in their hearts there are many who like to go skipping about the homeland singing its praises in springtime, and reserve their Continental journeys until later on. Then there are others who must have the complete change of environment which a hop across the Channel offers. If the Easter break runs to a week, most of the countries of Western Europe are open to them, and they will find many very economic tours in the holiday programmes.

The French and Italian Rivieras inevitably command a lot of attention and a special train is setting out for Nice on Thursday. It is possible to get a week's change in reasonable comfort that way for from £10 to £12 all in. Nice, by the way, has one of its famous battles of flowers on Easter Monday afternoon.

Rome will draw many for Easter, the first Easter of the new Pope. I do not think recent events in Central Europe are going to keep people away; indeed, Cooks say they have good bookings for the first of their "grand tours" of Italy. This is made by one special train throughout, and gives next week-end in Rome before continuing to Naples, Florence, Venice, Milan, and Stresa.

Washington.—This is one of the cities I should choose to visit, even with very limited time in the States, and I commend the idea to any who are going over to the New York Exhibition this summer. The "crack" Pennsylvania train *Congressional* does the run of 222 miles between New York and Washington in 3 hrs. 35 mins.

It is only right that the capital city of the great republic should have dignity and beauty, but the intensity of those qualities is not realised until you are there. The face of the city has been changed a good deal in recent years by vast new buildings, but they are in tune with the stateliness of the older parts. It occupies a fine site at the confluence of the Potomac and Anacostia rivers and almost in the centre stands the majestic Capitol, crowning the hill to which it gives its name.

White House, in a peaceful setting of rolling lawns and beautiful gardens, is of Virginia freestone, and was painted white to conceal the marks of the fire of 1814. The Lincoln Memorial on a circular terrace 1,000 ft. in diameter in beautiful Potomac Park, the Washington Memorial—a shaft of white marble between 500 and 600 ft. in height—the Mount Vernon Memorial Highway leading from the city to the home of George Washington, and the impressive Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre, are among the greatest things this heart of the nation has to show. The city is at its best in the springtime.

Through Washington is reached the great southland, the land of cotton and oranges. Perhaps you will have time for that, too.

Iceland.—At this time of the year I get a surprising number of inquiries about Iceland, one of the places which has had a fascination for me from quite early years. Perhaps aptness of name is the attraction.

Occasionally cruising liners go there, but there are regular services from Hull. The journey is four or five days each way. It is a bigger island than many imagine, larger in fact than Ireland, but it has few towns of any size apart from Reykjavik with a population of about 30,000. Seventy miles or so from the capital is the volcano Hekla, which frequently gives a performance, and there are others.

The Skogafoss Waterfall, the Almannagja Gorge on the way from Reykjavik to Thingvellin, and the Great Geyser are other sights in a rugged country where no trees of any size can grow. Iceland is certainly a chapter in the book of travel you should not skip.

Florence.—Nearly all the organised travel from this country to Italy includes Florence, indeed no tour of the country would be complete without a visit to the city of art. If the itinerary takes you there between April 27 and June 6 you will have the opportunity of seeing something of one of the most famous international musical festivals, the "Maggio Musicale." The festival covers a very wide field, and always includes at least one new composition. This year we have the première of "King Lear" by Vito Frazzi.

A Florentino orchestra and choir will render Verdi's "Requiem Mass" in the Basilica of Santa Croce, the largest and most beautiful of the Franciscan churches. The tombs of Rossini, Michelangelo and Macchiavelli are at this church. The festival will close with two interesting open-air performances — "La Strega" (The Witch), by Grazzini, to be given in one of the typical squares of old Florence with practically no additional scenic effects, and three performances of Torquato Tasso's "Amintha," a beautiful pastoral play with music by Gluck, which will be performed in the arcadian Boboli Gardens.

Apart from those on organised tours who are fortunate enough to be in Florence during the festival, the occasion will attract many whose travel is inspired by the arts.

Swiss "Seasons."—The Swiss transport undertakings use the system of regional season tickets we already know on the home railways, but on a more comprehensive scale, including railway, steamboat and postal motor routes. The tickets are available for seven consecutive week-days, and on some routes allow unlimited travel, while on others they entitle the holder to special fare reductions.

Take the Locarno region, for instance. The unlimited travel includes the steamer route to Magadivo, Ascona, Gerra, Ranzo, and Brissago, and by rail to Camedo on the Italian frontier and Bignasco. From Brissago to the resorts on the Italian shores of Lake Maggiore, and from Locarno to the many lovely places around the Lake of Lugano, the reduced fares operate.

This is only one of sixteen regions in which these arrangements have been established, and the freedom of movement obtained with the tickets adds enormously to the pleasure of a holiday in Switzerland. Our travel agencies issue the tickets.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

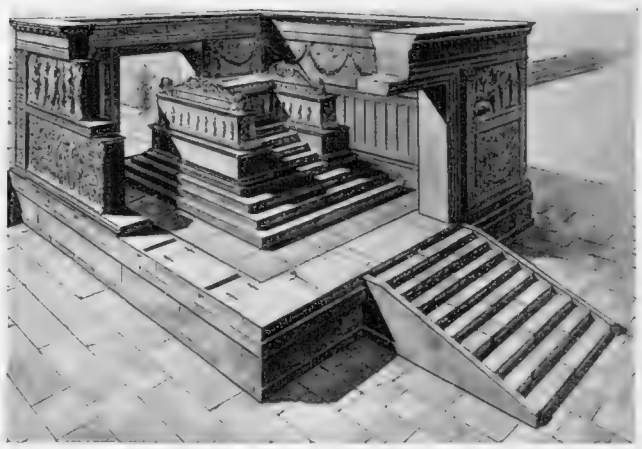
The following are two of many replies recently sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

La Rochelle.—You can get direct steamers from Liverpool. The overland routes are Southampton—St. Malo, thence by train, or Newhaven—Dieppe and via Nantes. If you go the St. Malo way it is essential to book your place in the steamer at an early date. There are good subjects for the artist at La Rochelle and in the country around. French people go there in considerable numbers, but you will not find so many English visitors as on the northern coast. We recommend the Hotel France et d'Angleterre. The en pension terms are 65 francs per day.

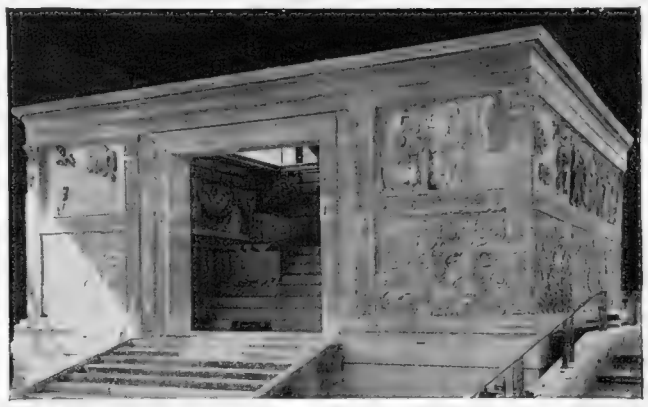
Lugano.—This would be an excellent centre for a holiday at the end of this month as the weather would be delightful, and there are many very interesting excursions to Lake Como and Bellagio, Lake Maggiore, and to the summit of San Salvatore. If you do not mind being a little way from the centre of the town you will find the Carlton Hotel Villa Moritz very good. It is about 20 minutes out at the foot of Mont Bre, and some of the best views of the lake may be had from the hotel. The inclusive rates are from 71 to 84 Swiss francs per week. Then there is the Hotel Flora, about two minutes from the lake, which charges about 63 Swiss francs per week. The prices are inclusive, and both hotels have gardens.

Beverley Brooke

SOMETHING TO SEE IN ROME: Restoration of the Ara Pacis



A GLORIOUS RELIC OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE: A sectional drawing of the famous Altar of Peace which was erected in 13—9 B.C. after the return of the Emperor Augustus from his campaigns in Spain and Gaul and has now been reconstructed



THE ARA PACIS AS IT NOW APPEARS with some of the original reliefs incorporated. The parts that are missing are left plain, but those that are still kept by the Louvre and the Vatican are reproduced in casts made of powdered travertine. *On left*—A detail of one of the original carvings now let into the fabric of the reconstructed "Ara"

Visitors to Rome during the coming months should certainly make a point of going to see the reconstructed Ara Pacis. This famous altar was dedicated to the Goddess of Peace after its completion by the Senate in 9 B.C. to mark the return of Augustus from his campaigns in Spain and Gaul—campaigns during which he did much to redress grievances and consolidate his western domains.

What happened to the Ara Pacis during the decline and after the fall of Rome is shrouded in mystery. Later, however, fragments of the richly-decorated walls became scattered throughout the museums of Europe, and parts of the floral frieze were built into scores of Italian villas.

At various times during the past 400 years sporadic attempts at excavation have taken place on the original site of the "Ara," about 300 yards from the mausoleum of Augustus, but the altar itself remained undiscovered until about two years ago, when it was unearthed, together with slabs of the surrounding wall, some of which weighed several tons.

The richness of the altar and the excellent preservation of the mural carvings prompted the Duce to undertake a complete reconstruction. Appeals for the return of fragments were sent far and wide, and all the important pieces with the exception of two slabs—one in the Louvre and one in the Vatican—have been restored and incorporated in the rebuilt "Ara," which was officially re-inaugurated by Signor Mussolini last September.

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EDWIN MUIR'S CHALLENGING ESTIMATE OF MODERN POETRY

almost impossibly difficult for them. That and another story of the Ukraine famine are in a class by themselves. The rest are mainly light-hearted squibs on love, Hollywood, cricket and other emotional states, notably a superb piece of fun about a match between two village teams.

The World of Books

(Cont. from p. 32)

But it is an uneven collection and I would recommend it to be read at intervals rather than at one gulp. Mr. Macdonell can be both witty and acute but he seems to have over-simplified the process for us this time.

Any attempt at surveying in comprehensive fashion contemporary trends in any one of the arts is a thankless task, for until some sense of perspective has been arrived at with the passing of time the chances are that no two people are likely to hold exactly identical opinions. Strong criticism is therefore a practical certainty.

Hence there must from the outset be every sympathy with Edwin Muir in his effort to present a balanced view in THE PRESENT AGE FROM 1914 (The Cresset Press. 6s.), which is the fifth volume of the Introductions to English Literature series.

On the whole it must be said that Mr. Muir has done his work exceedingly well, the chapters on fiction, general prose, criticism, and drama being very competently written indeed. They should prove a boon to future historians of the literary field, while the extensive bibliography, covering over 100 pages, has a real value for the keen student.

The longest chapter of all, however, is on poetry, and here the author comes to grief, giving a distinctly one-sided picture which is hardly excused by the attempt to forestall criticism in the publisher's jacket note.

From the 'teens to the 'thirties of the present century has been a fruitful poetic era, with many poets each writing a small quantity of first-rate verse to add to the common stock. Let us see how Mr. Muir surveys—or rather does not survey—this array of talent.

What, for instance, does he say of Chesterton?—Chesterton, the poet who wrote so much delightful doggerel but, within the period of Mr. Muir's book, published more than one minor masterpiece. *The Secret People*, *To St. Michael in Time of Peace*, *The Battle of the Stories*, surely these have some place in the history of poetry?

What, too, does Mr. Muir have to say of A. E. Housman? Does he forget that as late as 1922 Housman was writing poetry of almost the same quality as he did in the first flush of inspiration before the present century?

And what has Mr. Muir to say of Crosland? Has he forgotten the bold genius of Fleet Street who, with his flaming patriotism but individual outlook, was as surely as anyone a true poet of the world war? Crosland never wrote to conform with the sentiments of the moment and he took his stand as a rigid adherent of the classic form. Among sonneteers Clement Shorter placed him in the first flight.

Well, the answer is that Mr. Muir has nothing illuminating to say of any of these poets, and there are many more omissions of a like nature. He leaves a mighty gap unfilled, preferring instead to dwell at astonishing length on the obscurities of the mystic Yeats and the strange staves of the modernistic T. S. Eliot.

Indeed, the names of Yeats and Eliot appear on page after page, while Auden, Pound, and others also receive a share of space that many may deem wholly disproportionate to the worth of their work. Eliot, we know, has a growing following and the originality of his output commands every consideration, but the question inevitably arises, does he really write poetry or prose?

Eliot's is that sort of versification which may at first glance be taken for prose, and it will be seen in the following four lines from his latest play (*The Family Reunion*) that a hint to the contrary is only provided when you notice the three stresses in each line.

"OVER THE MOUNTAIN" is the title of Ruthven Todd's first novel, which has just been issued by Harrap. Mr. Todd has had a varied career, for after he left Fettes he studied painting at Edinburgh College of Art, worked for two years as a labourer on the island of Mull and was an assistant in a literary agency

"There is nothing to do about
anything.
And now it is nearly time for
the News.
We must listen to the Weather
Report
And the international catas-
trophes."

There is no knowing whether Mr. Muir would call that poetry, but he quotes lines no less surprising. He is entitled to his views, but the impression is left that he forgets in his book that poetry lovers are strongly self-reliant in their personal tastes and oftentimes inclined to be upset by anyone who so sweepingly marches on his way. Perhaps his willingness to recognise W. H. Davies will at least be the means of sparing him some criticism. Mr. Muir quotes the beautiful last four lines of Davies' short poem, "The Villain":—

"I turned my head and saw the wind
Not far from where I stood,
Dragging the corn by her golden hair
Into a dark and lonely wood."

BOOKS RECEIVED

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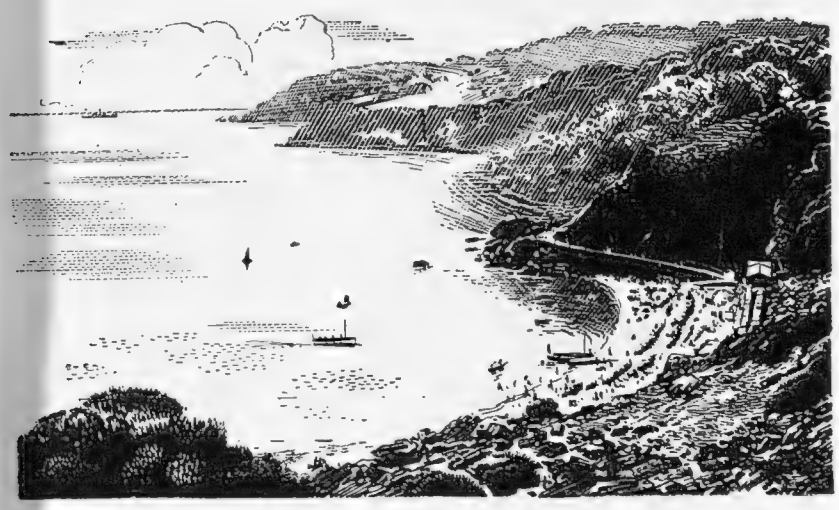

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Let us then lift up our hearts. The Resurrection is a glorious truth, and to-day we have an advocate with God the Father.

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101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

EASTER and the WAIFS

4,800 BABIES CRIPPLES BOYS & GIRLS NOW IN OUR HOMES

Please Help!

Bankers: Barclays Ltd.

Help us to bring the true joy of Easter to some of those many children who know it only as a holiday and not a happy one at that. Please send your EASTER GIFT to the Secretary.

OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11.

EASTER OFFERINGS:

Some Charities Worthy of Your Suppor

The **Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship** constantly maintain and trains 1,165 poor boys and girls, and since 1843 (the year in which th Society was founded) nearly 34,500 poor children have been given a 100 per cen chance in life. The quality of the training that poor boys of good character receiv in the Training Ship *Arethusa* can be judged from the fact that in the attack o Zeebrugge, during the great war, an Old *Arethusa* Boy was awarded the V.C., whil seven others were awarded the D.S.M. The Society regularly receives letters o appreciation from Old Boys saying that they owe their present positions to the earl life spent in the *Arethusa*. The boys in the homes are prepared for civil employ ment, being trained for definite trades so that they will always be employable, whil the girls are prepared for domestic service, so that should they take up work othe than domestic they have an insight to those qualities that go to make home life happ Donations and legacies are most urgently required to carry on this great work an contributions should be sent to the headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

* * *

Six-months-old Daphne was delicate; her mother was very seriously ill, and he father, with two other young children to look after, appealed to the Waifs an Strays Society for help as he had no one at all who could care for the baby. Daphn needed very careful nursing, and special food, but at last she began to make progress and recently, as her mother is now much stronger, she has gone back to her parents Her father writes:—

"I am making an attempt to thank you for the care you have taken of my littl daughter. I have never in my life seen such a definite proof of nursing and care Through your kindness you not only helped us in an enormous difficulty when w were at our wits' end, but you gave us back our baby in a condition of health fa superior to that in which she entered the home. Had we been in circumstances o financial luxury, with the choice of the most expensive home in the country, we coul not have had more care taken of her. May I, together with my wife, try to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the service you have rendered us? Witho any fuss or bother, and with a total absence of officialdom we were eased of a gree burden while my wife lay at death's door."

This is just one aspect of the work of the **Waifs and Strays Society.** Th Secretary's address is Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.

* * *

There is always one family that would be glad of your help at the Easter season, an that is the family of 8,250 destitute boys and girls supported by **Dr. Barnardo's Homes.** As is well known, the Charter of this institution is, "No destitute chil ever refused admission," and under it they admit an average of five needy youngster every day in the year. It can be well imagined how necessary is continued publi support for so worthy an object. These homes have already to their credit the to of 123,500 children helped. Your Easter gift to Barnardo's will do much to encourag them in their good work.

THREE ON A BENCH: Happy youngsters in the care of the Waifs and Strays Societ

12,000 MILES AWAY

—IT'S JUST LIKE HOME

At the Hostels of The British Sailors' Society—A Home from Home atmosphere welcomes all Seamen in leading Ports throughout the world. Will you help us to keep the doors open? Hon. Treasurer: Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., etc., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCY

DOWN TO THE SEA WITH NETS: Cheerful convalescents of a Dr. Barnardo's Home

Just 100 years ago Benjamin Waugh was born in the village of Settle in Yorkshire. His childhood was spent in perfect happiness and tranquillity in a long, red brick house at the foot of Castleburgh Rock. The memory of those early years remained with him and perhaps inspired his great life work. For Benjamin Waugh was quick to see the terrible hardships and suffering of so many ill-treated and neglected children. To remedy this national shame he dedicated his life; he considered happiness the birthright of every child. His struggle culminated in the foundation of the **National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.** What would Waugh think of the Society's work to-day? Did he foresee that in its fifty-fifth year it would be called upon to protect, from the effects of neglect, ignorance and cruelty, over 120,000 children? Would he consider this fact indicative of failure? Assuredly not, for he could look round and see a land in which the children at large are happier than ever he knew. Benjamin Waugh should be held in high esteem to-day when we review the work of the N.S.P.C.C.—his legacy of love to the children.

* * *

To raise funds for their work at home and abroad, the **Salvation Army Self-Denial Campaign** is now a well-known annual event which has been copied by many other movements. At the time of its inception in 1886 it was unique. That year £5,000 was raised and each year since that time the total has steadily grown. The present campaign asks for £250,000 to meet the army's needs in the coming year. Every Salvationist is pledged to give up to the limit of his or her financial ability and, many go even beyond that stage. The public also express their sympathy and appreciation of the army's work by considerable gifts. An Easter gift will be gratefully received by General Evangeline Booth, International Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

* * *

Supported entirely by voluntary gifts, **The Royal Cancer Hospital** receives no grants from any Government or municipal service. No payments are asked from patients. No recommendation letters are necessary. The only passports are the facts that the applicant is afflicted by cancer or tumour, and is unable to pay. There are, inevitably, some for whom there is no hope of cure and for them a number of beds are appropriated. There they remain well tended and in comfort for the rest of their days. For the majority there is every hope. It can be understood that the treatment of patients in this hospital involves exceptional expenditure. Not only do they need unusually costly treatment but their general condition requires special diet. In addition to the care of patients a research institute is carried on by a trained scientific staff, engaged in investigating the problems of this terrible disease. This adds seriously to the annual expense, but it is work of such world-wide reputation and importance that its hampering for want of funds would be a major disaster. The Treasurer, Royal Cancer (Free) Hospital, Fulham Road, asks for your generous support.

* * *

Founded in 1719 **Westminster Hospital** enters this year upon a new and fuller life. For the fourth time in its 220 years it has been given new quarters, and these magnificent premises are to be opened this month by the King and Queen. Towards the total cost of £850,000 a sum of £750,000 has so far been found, and now begins the drive for the last £100,000. Everyone is asked to help and the Treasurers are eager to accept even the smallest donation. Their address is Broad Sanctuary, London, S.W.1. The new hospital covers an area of 66,000 sq. ft., nearly double the space occupied by the old hospital in Broad Sanctuary, the old Nurses' Home in Queen Anne's Gate, the old Medical School in Caxton Street and the Radium Annexe in Hampstead. The hospital will contain over 400 beds, with out-patient clinics for all forms of acute illness.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Can you imagine anyone heartless enough to ill-treat this little child? . . . Yet she was cruelly treated by her own parents until the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children intervened to secure for her a happy life. During 1938 the Society helped 121,505 child victims of neglect or cruelty, an average of nearly

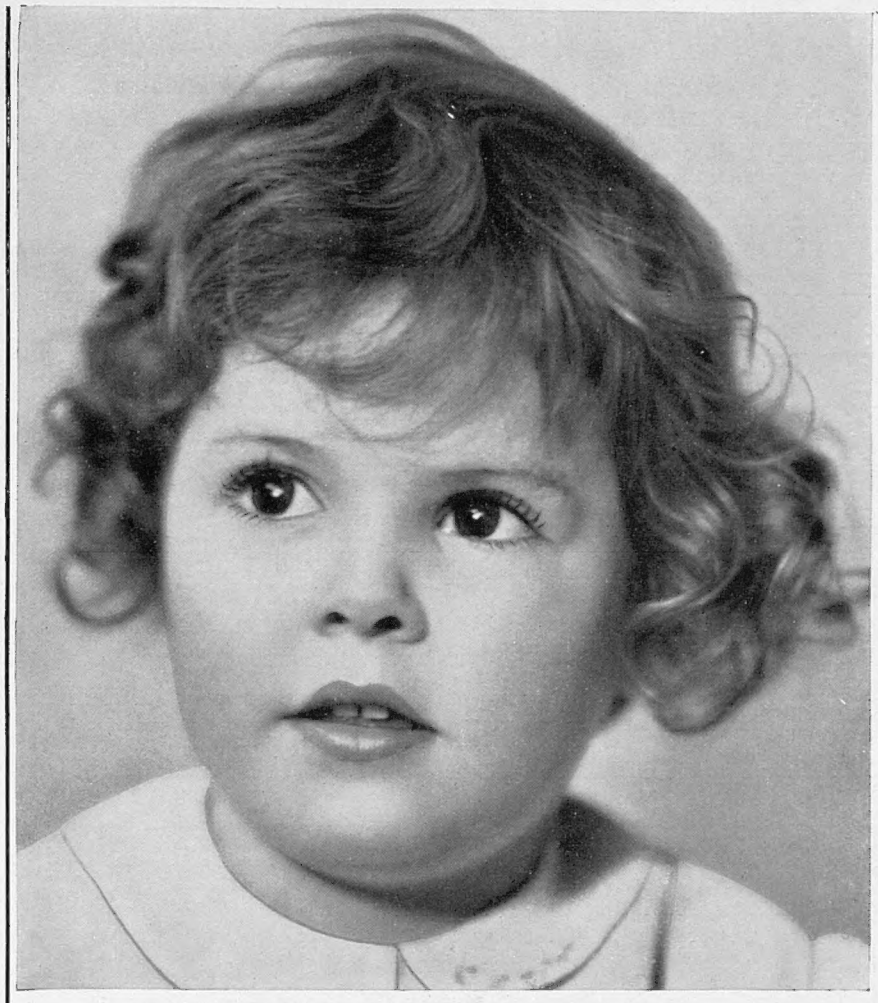
2,337 CHILDREN A WEEK

Will you take an active interest by becoming an "Annual Member," contributing **20/-**, or a Life Member for a subscription of **£10**

Write to the Director,
William J. Elliott, O.B.E.

N·S·P·C·C

VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.2



8,250 DESTITUTE GIRLS and BOYS
are being cared for in

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Please send a Special Easter Gift of

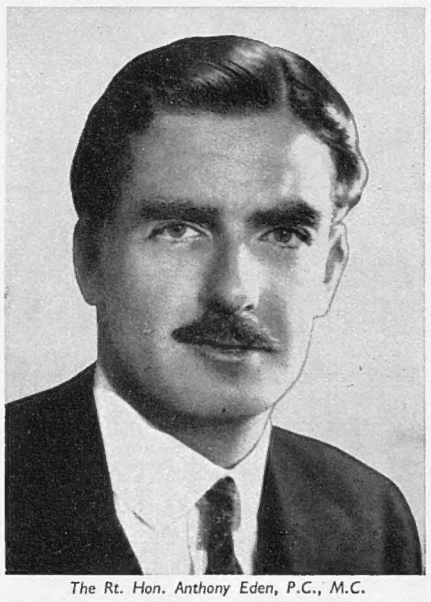
10/-

to feed one child for a fortnight.

Cheques, etc. (crossed) payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to

20 BARNARDO HOUSE, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.

FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE



The Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, P.C., M.C.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN

writes:

"Medical science and skill are employing every weapon in their power to combat this dread disease. But it is to us they turn for the necessary funds to help relieve the terrible sufferings of thousands of human beings. Our contributions will further research which will one day doubtless find a cure for cancer. Every penny we can spare brings that day nearer."

Please send a special Easter Gift to the Treasurer,

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD LONDON, S.W.3

Ten Miles....Mansion to Mansion House

Spend Spring in an "Adam" period country house, hidden in parkland, 20 minutes from town.

Central heating, running water and telephone in all rooms.
Free hotel bus to station. Inclusive Terms, from 4½ gns.
Brochure from Management with pleasure.

SUNDRIDGE PARK HOTEL
BROMLEY *Ravensbourne 1172-3-4* KENT

BRYAN HOUSE, Blackheath

2, SOUTH ROW, LONDON, S.E. 3. *Tel.: Lee Green 3016.*

A really Comfortable Private Hotel with all the amenities of home life. Large Garden. Free Laundry Room.

N. CORNWALL for good surf bathing, sandy beaches, excellent golf and bracing air

DORRIT—POLZEATH

HAS ROOM FOR A FEW GUESTS TO WHOM THESE ATTRACTIONS APPEAL

"Punctuality is the politeness of Princes"
The remark is true (in a sense unintended by Jorrocks). For at Princes, Folkestone, they understand punctuality . . . and the pleasure of finding people and things ready when you want them.
Your room (with a private bath) or your suite, are ready for you now.

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

In the lee of the Leas. *85 minutes from Town.*
Popular cocktail bar. Squash, Tennis, etc., adjoining. Lift. Softened Water. *Telephone: 2666.*

FRINTON for Freedom

- Freedom from charas, piers and pierrots.
- Freedom to wear what you like and do what you like.
- Freedom to breathe good air, to bask in a wealth of sunshine in a resort unique for its selectiveness and its sociability.

GRAND HOTEL, Frinton-on-Sea

is the hub of Frinton's social life. Good food, good wine, good beds, make our principal claim to fame. To them can be added ballroom, suites and a picked position facing the sea and Frinton's famous sands. **BOOK NOW FOR EASTER.**

HASTINGS
The **QUEEN'S**
Telephone: 201

Leading and Best
Sea Front — Solarium
Orchestra
From 15/- daily

A restful atmosphere

is assured the visitor to Hans Crescent Hotel. A first-class cuisine and careful consideration of guests' varying needs combine to make the hotel one of the best that London can offer. Facing Harrods, adjacent to Hyde Park, Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances (Sprung Dance Floor). Brochure on request.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL
Knightsbridge, S.W.1
Telephone: Sloane 3421.
Telegrams: Hancrestel, London.

So near TO TOWN Just a short run, 22 miles from Town, but it takes you to peace and quiet, to riding, tennis or golf, to fastidious comforts.

And yet—so far AWAY FROM CARE

There are 40 bedrooms, 22 bathrooms, at the Berystede, in a sylvan setting of 14 acres of woods and gardens. Tariff from the Manager.

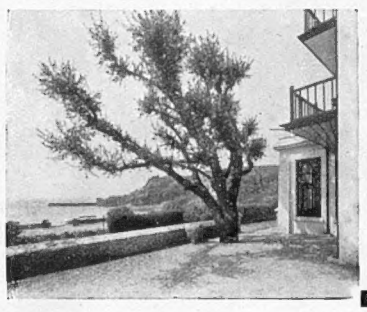
BERYSTEDE
ASCOT, BERKS. phone: 888

For quiet seaside luxury, come to

SHORE HOTEL

Near Chichester EAST WITTERING Sussex

Magnificent air. A wonderful sunshine record. Safe bathing direct from the hotel. Fine wine, good food, "Slumberland" nights. Tariff on application. Telephone: West Wittering 345.
A.A.★★★ R.A.C. Fully licensed.



BEAUTIFUL ST. BRELADES . . .

above all in Spring was built for those who like to ignore the tape-machine and the politics of Europe and laze with a serene conscience . . . bathing, walking, idling with none but the friendly southern sun to interrupt . . . and the pleasant routine of well-cooked meals to make a day of it. Profusely illustrated brochure with pleasure from the proprietor, B. Colley.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An hour and a half by air from London

In Quest of

When Dust-Sheets Come O
His Wife Sally For

THE time of year is here when the world and his wife take the dust-sheet off their car and sally forth. Probably they will turn the bonnet westwards, for though the West Country, thanks to its gentle breezes, has been doing a steady business all through the winter, it is now, owing to its early spring and summer, that it begins to feel the real wave of visitors.

It is surprising how few people who do not personally know Devon and Cornwall are in a position to plan their holiday successfully beforehand. Cornwall particularly is wrapt in mystery. It is like Scotland in a way. People say "Cornwall" with an airy wave of the hand, and it conjures up visions of some remote and rocky fastness, where civilisation, to put it mildly, is very backward, and modern plumbing almost unknown.

In fact, as any knowledgeable traveller will tell you, there are several Cornwalls, and a choice to suit every taste. If you enter Cornwall—and who would choose to do otherwise?—by the Torpoint ferry at Plymouth, you will find that your crossing of the water in the old flat-bottomed ferry boat is indeed a crossing from one land to another. And here, from Crafthole, immediately across the ferry, to St. Austell Bay, is your first Cornwall—a land of wide curving bays, of narrow lanes and sudden hills and sleepy old Cornish towns which have become famous for their names and their romantic associations, and of a surprisingly varied selection of hotels, ranging from the five-star magnificence of the Carlyon Bay Hotel near St. Austell, to the simple comforts of the Wide Sea Guest House at Downderry, near Looe.

West of St. Austell is our second sector of Cornwall—a small one, but in its own way incomparable—the Roseland Peninsula. Who can resist its very name, so indicative of cottage gardens and a southern sun? The Roseland Peninsula is charming and characterful and essentially simple. So are its hotels. One of them—Pendower Hotel, near St. Mawes—is an excellent example, with its proud boast that it is "miles and miles from anywhere." Indeed, I have a memory, which even the passing of years has not dimmed, of my first attempt to seek out Pendower. I got there in the end, but first of all I had to have my car dug out of the sand of Gerrans Bay! The fault, I must admit, was my own. The way to the hotel is sign-posted perfectly clearly but it is a personal example of the sort of countryside which comprises the Roseland Peninsula.

The Roseland Peninsula ends at the estuary of the Fal, and from Fal-mouth, on the opposite side of the estuary

In a lovely Garden Square . . .

Stanhope Court will make excellent headquarters for the London season and the ideal "town house" for men and women who appreciate comfort, economy and tasteful surroundings. Like all the "North" Hotels, it is splendidly situated in the heart of fashionable London—a minute's walk from bus or tube and a few minutes' ride from the West End and City.

STANHOPE COURT HOTEL

STANHOPE GARDENS . SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7

A first-class private hotel—quiet without, comfort within. 100 delightful bedrooms, each with running water, central heating and telephone. Terms, completely inclusive, from 4 guineas a week. Brochure and tariff gladly sent on request.

TELEPHONE . FROBISHER 1101 (6 lines)

Be sure of a Sunny Easter at Thorpeness

Year after year weather statistics show that England's sunniest spot in early spring and summer is Thorpeness, a delightful privately owned village on the Suffolk Seaboard. Set 'twixt lovely woods and sparkling sea, Thorpeness has air like champagne and every amenity for quiet and healthful enjoyment. For golfers there is a splendid Course laid out by James Braid. Horse lovers will delight in the sea-skirted gallops and fine mounts. Sailing can be enjoyed with safety on the island-dotted 60-acre Meare, and tennis is available on "Grassphalte" Courts. Stay at the Dolphin Hotel (licensed) for 5 gns. a week, or at the Haven or Dunes Guest Houses for 3½ gns. per week. Furnished houses and bungalows are also available from 3 gns. per week. Full particulars from Estate Office, Thorpeness, Suffolk.

DOLPHIN HOTEL, THORPENESS

Good Hotels

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

Cars and the World and See the Country

to St. Mawes, right round Land's End to Newquay is the third facet of this versatile Cornish coast. Falmouth, Budock Vean, Mullion, Marazion, Penzance, Carbis Bay and Perranporth—these are names which will draw you, without any encouragement from me. This is a fascinating part of Cornwall, showing sufficient changes of scenery to be almost a county in itself. In half a day's drive, you can feast your eyes on such varying sights as the wide harbour of Falmouth, the stern expanse of the Lizard, the almost tropical vegetation of Penzance, and the rocky coasts of Mousehole, Land's End and Portreath.

Here, too, is a galaxy of good hotels—as varied as the scenery. For the Prah Sands Hotel near Marazion—a gleaming modern building of concrete and vita-glass—fits as harmoniously into its surroundings of sun and sand as the Kenegie Hotel at Gulval blends with the long avenue of hydrangeas which leads up to it. The solid comfort and all-round quality of the Polurrian Hotel at Mullion is as suitable to its situation as the more delicate charm of the Pednolva Hotel at St. Ives.

Newquay is the gateway to the fourth and final sector of the duchy—Newquay, with the massive bulk of its famous Headland Hotel squatting, like a watch-dog, just outside. From Newquay to Bude is the famous Cornish surf-bathing coast. Let it not be supposed that it is impossible to surf-bathe anywhere else in Cornwall, but it is into these western bays that the long Atlantic rollers come in such magnificent style.

Practically every hotel along this coast is situated in or close to a bay, for between bays it is indeed rocky and precipitous. But in each of these little bays cluster a few cottages, an hotel, and all the amenities for the perfect simple holiday. Waterbeach Hotel in Treyarnon Bay, Yellow Sands or Lower Pol Mark—both guest-houses—in Harlyn Bay, Treglos Country House Hotel by Constantine Bay—these are but four of the halting places which occur to me, each different from the other, each in its own way offering value for money and every kind of seaside opportunity.

Bude may properly claim to be the last town in Cornwall, and we can leave the duchy in style, as we entered it, by staying at Bude's Grenville Hotel.

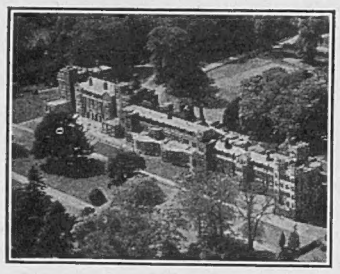
Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE. *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD • SURREY

'Phone: SANDERSTEAD 2001.

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.



WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20% – 25%
No alteration in standard.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths. FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES

Illustrated brochure free on request.

Health is everything!

Health is everything. Whatever your work, whatever your pleasure, health must come first. Here in the Derbyshire Hills, health comes smiling to those who seek it; while if you desire just recreation or a rest, there are concerts, golf, tennis, bowls, croquet (all free), and the pleasure of living in company where the daily average of visitors is over 200.

Smedley's at Matlock

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. Terms (13/- to 18/- a day) include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. Smedley's Hydro, Matlock, Derbyshire. Tel. Matlock 17.

The Seal of Good Health

Grand Suggestion . . .

A week at the GRAND, TORQUAY, at this time of year and you'll feel *really* better.

A room bathed in sunshine . . . private bath . . . breakfast in bed.

A stroll along the waterfront . . . no hills to climb. Or a run over Dartmoor in the car . . . scenery superb.

In the afternoon, a round of Golf, a court for Squash or Tennis—all free, of course. Back to dinner in the Grand manner or well-cooked Grill, if you like. Then dance to Harry Evans and his Band and

You're beginning to feel GRAND.

Moral: A week at the Grand is better than a month in a nursing home . . . and cheaper. *For details write: R. Paul, Manager.*

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Telephone: 2234

SCOTLAND

AVIEMORE HOTEL

STRATHSPEY - - - - INVERNESS-SHIRE

Overlooking the Rothiemurchus Pine Forest

Hot and Cold Water in every Bedroom. Central Heating.

Leading hotel in the north—with privileges of a country house yet freedom of a well-run hotel.

Private 9-Hole Golf Course. Special Terms during Early Season. IAN JACK, *Manager.*

LOCHALSH HOTEL

Kyle of Lochalsh, Ross-shire

A place of dreams—abounding in sheer beauty. An unparalleled vista of the Isle of Skye from every window. Open all the year round

INVERNESS—*Station Hotel*

Inverness-shire

A most comfortable hotel with all modern amenities

For accommodation, etc., apply to the Resident Manager, or to Arthur Towle, Controller, LMS Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1.

LOCH KATRINE (BY CALLANDER)

THE TROSSACHS HOTEL

A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., Fully Licensed.

Beautifully situated in the heart of the Trossachs, this Hotel with its Cocktail Bar, its Magnificent Sun Lounge and unrivalled view of Loch Achray and Ben Venue, is a delightful rendezvous. Cuisine and Service excellent. Tennis, Boating, Fishing, Good Motoring Centre, Golf (6 miles), Electric Light, Hot and Cold Water, Private Baths and Suites. Apply Manageress. *Telephone: Trossachs 32*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Wellтown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cornwall (South).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness (Suffolk).—Dolphin Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Carterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick...
Gauntown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathspey (Inverness-shire).—Aviemore Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Ht...
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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